

THE  
TRAGEDY  
OF HEROD AND  
ANTIPATER.

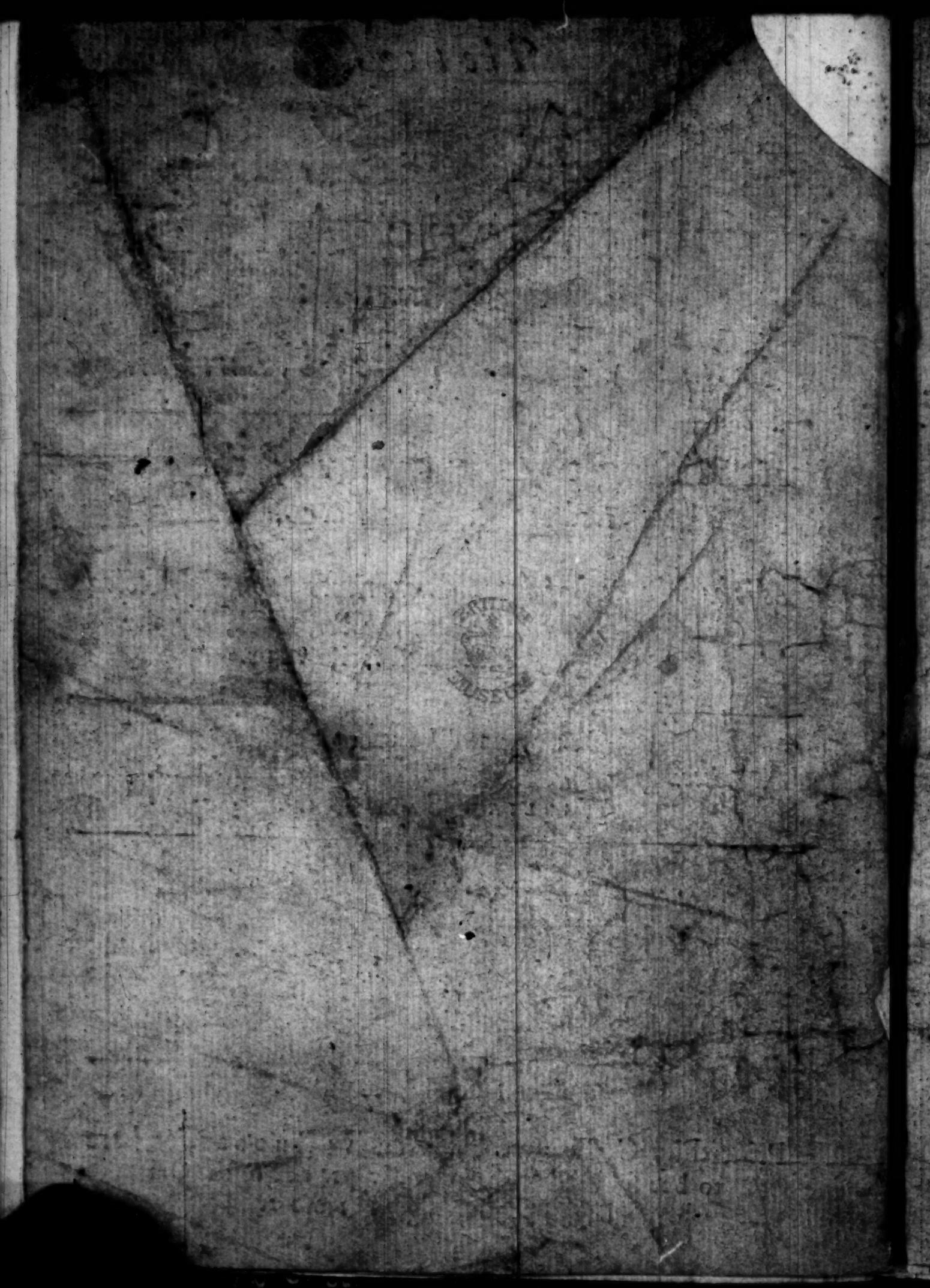
*With the Death of faire Marrian.*

According to Iosephus, the learned and famous Iewe.

As it hath beene, of late, divers times publiquely shew'd  
(with great Applause) at the Red Bull, by the  
Company of his Majesties Revels.

Printed by S. GARNETT MARKET 1617  
For the Author and the Gentlemen  
of his Majesties Revels.





**R**EADERS whole be its haue sparkled with  
 To be inflamed with Promethian Fire,  
 Fetcht from Pernassus Shrine (the Muses Mount)  
 To You I write, that make so deare account  
 Eu'n of Arts meerest Shadowes; You contemne  
 The drossy Substance, highly priz'd by Men  
 Of Earthy breeding; who can neuer gleane  
 The least Content from a true Tragedie  
 Of high and noble Nature; nor care they  
 To heart, or understand; but see a Play:  
 For Tragedy or History, you shall  
 Neuer finde these at any Stationers Stall.  
 Bestow one Six-pence: but, for bald Discourses  
 Of Commicke Ribaldry, they'l draw their Purses.  
 Hence is the cause, that Stories (like to This)  
 Shall lie in darke Obscurity, and misse  
 The Printers Presse, t'adorne and set them forth  
 In the true Glories of their Native Worth.  
 When Carrion-Comedies (not worth an Hand)  
 Must be set out with EXCELLENT and  
 Strange vndeserving Titles: but, let these  
 Merit such liking as their Readers please.  
 Heere I haue sent and Printed to your view  
 A Story; which I dare be bold is true  
 Now newly writ, and truly worthy  
 Gather'd from learn'd I o s e  
 Is, that it may your kinde  
 I then shall count my Care  
 So happily bestow'd  
 For your Content.



## THE PROLOGUE.

**T**imes eldest Daughter (Truth) presents our Play;  
And, from forgotten Monuments of Clay,  
Cals up th' Heroicke Spirits of old Times,  
Fam'd then as well for Vertues as blacke Crimes;  
And with Her owne Tongue, and owne Phrase, to tell  
The Actions they haue done; or ill, or well.  
Iosephus th' ancient Writer, with a Pen  
Lent by the Muses, giues new life to Men;  
Who breath'd such Tragick Accents forth to th' Eare  
Of Hebrew Armies, which you now shall heare;  
Please you to sit attentive: Wit hath runne  
In a Zodaicall Circle, like the Sunne,  
Through all Inuention; which is growne so poore  
Shee can shew nougnt, but what ha's beene before;  
Yet Reverend History, which upon the Stage  
Hath oft beene heard speake; hopes, eu'en for Her Age,  
Your strong hands will support Her; Shee must live  
Now by no heate, but what your beames doe giue:  
To gaine which (though Her Scenes seeme graue and hic)  
Shee heere and there with a loose wing doth flye;  
Striving to make you merry: No other Bayes  
She reaches at, but this; your Lowes, your Praise.

The



The true  
**TRAGEDY**  
OF HEROD AND  
ANTIPATER.

Actus 1. Scœna 1.

Enter at one dore *Alexandra* in her petticoate; at another, *Aristobulus* the high Priest in his wastcoate or shirt, both amazedly.



*Qu. Alexandra.*

My thrice Princely Sonne; thou hast forgot  
That Time's our Maister, and wee can  
dispose

But merely of the instant.

*Eld. Arist.* Madam true:

Nor haue I lost a moment; yet I know,  
No diligence appeares to those, whose hearts  
Doe both desire and waite.

*Q. Alex.* Enough, enough;  
Come let's away, my heart is wing'd with haste  
That out-flies thought or motion; Ægypt (sweete)  
Hath safety in it, not Jerusalem.

*Eld. Arist.* I doe confesse it; yet this dangerous way  
Of our escape, hath many feares about it.

*Q. Alex.* There's pregnant reason for it, and our liues

## The true Tragoedy of

Are markes that *Herod* shoots at : Who but sees  
The wofull state of sad Ierusalem,  
And how this Tyrant (like an angry Boare)  
Roots vp the goodly Pines should couer him ?  
Hath he not slaine *Antigonus*, destroyd  
Thy Father and thy Grandsire : ( O my Lords,  
My deare lou'd Lords, my Father and my Husband ; )  
Worthy *Hircanus*, noble *Alexander* ;  
And at this instant lies hee not in waite  
For our destructions ? Beldame that I am  
To prate at such a season ; ( holy Sweete )  
Come let's away, our flight is so secure,  
No Art can vndermine it ; any pause  
Opens our granes before vs : flye, O flye.

*Eld. Arist.* I doe attend your Highnesse.

*Q. Alex.* Harke, I heare

The steps of some pursues vs ; prethee come,  
Let *Egypt* and not *Iuda* be our Tombe.

*Exeunt.*

Enter at one dore *Antipater* at another *Animis*, with a band  
of Soldiers.

*Antip.* Is this the diligence your duty shewes,  
To runne this slothfull pace ? By all I loue,  
Y'are worthy of blame in high termes.

*Anim.* Princely *Antipater*.

*Ant.* Y'are too improuident, and this neglect  
Will draw your life in hazard ; vnderstand,  
Th'are Lyons and not Lambs you cope withall :  
The Mother-Queene is subtile, and her Sonne  
Of high and noble spirit ; should they scape,  
You fixe a Ramme to batter downe the life  
Both of the King and Kingdome. *Am.* Gracious Sir,  
Feare not my care ; for nothing you can wish  
Is able to outstrip my diligence.

*Antip.* I but awake the duty which you owe.

Vnto your King and Countrey ; when that moues,  
Children are strangers, Fathers are vnknowne,  
And where our Princes health is questioned,

*The*

## Herod and Antipater.

The liues we either borrow or doe lend  
Must bee forgot and made ridiculous :  
You vnderstand me, goe, dispatch, away.

*Ans.* With faith great as your longings.

*Ans.* So, why so ;

Thus haue I started brauely, and maintain'd  
My race with full speed to ambition ;  
Much of my way is smoothed by the deaths  
Of proud *Antigonus* and *Alexander*,  
But chiefly of *Hircanus*, till hee went  
My torch could neuer kindle ; could I now  
But dampe the high Priest *Aristobulus*,  
( As there's much water towards ) and in it  
Drowne his old politique Mother, halfe my way  
Lies as my thoughts would wish it ; and how ere  
By birth I am a Bastard, yet my wit  
Shall beare me 'bove the true-borne ; for 'tis found,  
Power makes all things lawfull, all things sound.

*Exit Animis &  
Soldiers.*

*Exit.*

*Cornets: and, Enter Herod, Marriam, Kiparim, Alexander,  
Aristobulus, Salmith, Pheroas, Joseph and Attendants.*

*Her.* Who sits on the Tribunall, sits on thorne,  
And dangers doe surround him ; for at it  
Enuy stands euer gazing, and with darts  
Headed with lightning strikes vnto the heart  
Of euery noble action : What can Kings  
Doe, that the rude not censure and peruert  
To vilde interpretations ? Nay, although  
Iustice and mercy guard them ; though mens faults  
Are growne so odious, that euen Cruelty  
Is a commended goodnesse, meere Distrust  
A reasonable vertue ; Secrecie,  
Important and most needfull ; and Suspect,  
A worthy truth, which needs no witnesse :  
Yet, in this case, ( where men cannot erre twice )  
What shall we doe, that shall scape Infamie ?

*Ans.* Fine dissimulation !

*Her.* O 'tis a hell to thinke on, that how ere

## The true Tragoedy of

Our natures are inclin'd to pitty, yet  
Our actions must be cruell ( or so thought )  
To guard our liues from danger ; wicked men  
With their sinnes so transforme vs. O my Loue,  
This vnto thee I speake, whose tender heart  
I know hath bitter thoughts, when it records  
Thy Fathers and thy Grand-fathers mishaps :  
'Tis true, I caus'd them dye ; but (gentle Sweete)  
Necessity, thy safety, mine, nay all the Lands,  
Were my most iust assistants ; and the act  
Was noble, how ere blam'd of Cruelty.

*Mar.* My dearest Lord, doe not mistake my temper,  
My Grand-father, and Father, when they fell,  
How euer Nature taught mine eyes to weepe,  
Yet in my loue to you I buried them ;  
They were rich Jewels once, but, set by you,  
They haue nor price, nor lustre ; 'tis mine eye  
That pitties them, my heart doth honour you.

*Ant.* O y'are a goodnesse past equality,  
And all the blessed times which are to come  
Shall with more admiration then beleefe  
Receiue th'incredible, but vndoubted truth,  
Of your rare mildnesse, faith and temperance.

*Her.* It shall indeed ; and be this kisse a seale  
Of our perpetuall loue-knot ; yet ( my Queene )  
There are new Treasons hatching, which ( beleeu't )  
Wil stretch thy patience higher : *Joseph*, reade  
That strange and cunning Letter.

*Joseph* reads.

I write short ALEXANDRA, for feare of interception ; that  
Herods cruelty extendeth to the death of thy Husband, and im-  
prisonment of thy selfe, I lament : ayd I cannot send thee ; but if  
by flight thou canst escape, Egypt shall receive thee : I am glad  
thy Sonne Aristobulus is high Priest, let him accompany thy  
Journey : If I should deale for thee by force, I raise two mighty  
enemies, Rome and Iuda ; thou art wise, fare as my selfe :  
Thine CLEOPATRA, Q. of Egypt.

## Herod and Antipater.

*Kip.* These are miraculous Treasons.

*Sal.* Subtile plots.

*Phe.* Strange interwinding mischieves,

*Mar.* Say not so,

Giue them a gentler title ; nothings read

That doth accuse my Mother or my Brother.

*P.* *Alex.* Indeed 'tis but an invitation  
Of others Loue, not their confederacy.

*T. Ari.* Th' Egyptian Queen perswades, but their consent  
Is not conceiued heere.

*Her.* Deere wife and Sonnes,  
Loue hath a blindfold iudgement ; would their hearts  
Were harmelesse as your wishes ; but heere comes  
The man will reconcile vs : Captaine, speake,  
Where's *Alexandra* ? Where's *Aristobulus* ?

*Enter Animis with Soldiers, bringing two Trunks.*

*Ani.* Sir, they are fled.

*Her.* Fled ! do not speake it ; better thou hadst sunke  
To hell, then bring that mischiefe.

*Antip.* O the Diuell !  
This was your hackney pace.

*Ani.* By all that's true,  
I haue not slackt a minute ; they were gone  
Ere I had my commission, and so fast,  
My speed could not outstrip them ; yet I tooke  
This luggage and their Seruants, whence ( no doubt )  
Your Maiesty may gather new instructions.

*Her.* Whence I may gather my despaire and griefe ;  
Villaine, thou hast betray'd me ; in their losse,  
I'm lost to fate an danger : Silly Snaile,  
Could Sloth haue crept so slowly ? Why, thy way  
Was smooth as glasse, and thou mightst haue surpriz'd  
Them easier then to speake it. O you Gods,  
What plummets hang at Vassals heeles ; and how  
Doth sleepe and dulnesse ceaze them ! But I vow,  
Thy life shall pay thy forfait.

*Ani.* Gracious Sir :

## The true Tragedy of

*Her.* Talk'st thou of grace; and in this act hast lost,  
All things that's like, or neare it? Did not scorne  
Hold me, my hand should kill thee.

*P. Alex.* Good Sir, thinke——

*Her.* That y'are too rude to offer thus to thrust  
'Twixt me and my resolution. *Antip.* Not a word;  
'Tis death t'outface this lightening.

*Her.* Lost, and fled, and gone, and all my hope  
Turn'd topsie turuie downward? *Ioseph,* harke.

*Herod whispers with Ioseph, and beckens all the rest unto them, but Marriam, and Antipater.*

*Mar.* Blest be the God of *India*, which hath brought  
My royall Mother, and my Brother safe,  
Out of the hands of sad Captiuity.

O, I will offer Sacrifice each day,  
And make that houre a Sabbath, which doth bring  
Them safe from threatning danger. *Antip.* Madam, Amen;

With that prayer Ile ioyne euer, and inuoke

Prosperity to guard them; —but (in heart)

Wish that damnation, like a Thunder-bolt,

Would beat them into cynders. *Her.* 'Tis resolu'd,

Force shall compell what vertuously I would

Haue sought from milde intreaty; for those Trunks,

Goe throw them into *Silo*, let that Lake

Deuoure them and their treasures. *Iof.* Not so good,

You may, by that meanes, blind-fold cast away

What you would after purchase with your blood;

But cannot then recall it: Sir, conceiue;

There may be Complots, Letters, Stratagems,

And things we cannot dreame of. *Kip.* Nay, perhaps

Some new negotiations. *Sal.* Paper tongues,

That may discouer strange dissemblers. *Her.* True,

You haue preuail'd, breake vp those rotten Tombes,

Lets see what Ghosts they harbor. Ha, whats this?

*Here they breake open the trunks, and finde Alexandra, and Aristobulus the elder.*

*Mar.* O me, my Mother and my Brother! Eyes  
Drop out and see not their destruction.

*Antip.*

## Herod and Antipater.

*Antip.* Vnhappy chance. *Iof.* Vnfortunate young-man.

*Y. Arist.* 'Tis fate not to be shunned.

*P. Alex.* Woe the time.

*Her.* What's heere: the high Priest like a Juggler?  
Are these his holy Garments; this his Roabe,  
His Brest-plate and his Ephod, his rich Coate,  
His Miter and his Girdle? Can it be,  
That this was once Queene of *Jerusalem*?  
O you immortall Gods, to what disguise  
Will Treachery transforme vs!

*Q. Alex.* Rather thinke,  
How sharpe a plague is Tyrannie: O King,  
Remember 'tis the fiercest Beast, of all  
That are accounted sauage; yet delights  
In Flattery, which is the worst of them  
That are tame and domestique: With these Fiends  
My life can finde no pleasure; doe not then  
Blame me to seeke my freedome.

*Eld. Arist.* Mighty Sir,  
If Life bee th'onely Iewell Heauen can lend,  
And that in the Creation was not made  
A thing of equall purchase; how can wee  
Offend, that but preserue it? You may say,  
It hath deceiu'd vs; yet Sir, I will thinke  
How ere it finish heere, 'tis but a stroke  
To draw it forth vnto eternity.

*Her.* 'Tis a good resolution; for (beleeu't)  
Your dayes on earth are finisht; treacherous plots  
Like these, shall not ore take me.

*Q. Alex.* But your Tyrannie  
Shall out-runne all example: Sir, Despaire  
Armes me with truth and boldnesse; I dare now  
Tell you, of Kings, you are the wickedest;  
And I, that in the ruines of my blood,  
Read your destroying nature, and collect  
Into a short briefe many Tragedies,  
Acted vpon our family; what hope  
Is left, that can assisst vs?

*Her.* You.

# The true Tragoedy of

Her. You are plaine.

Q. Alex. Truth hath no need of figures: was't not you  
That did betray *Hircanus* in his flight  
To the Arabian Monarch; and when laid  
In hameleſſe sleepe then slew him? Did not you  
Hire the bloody *Cassius* to cut off  
My fathers head, (the lou'd *Antigonus*?)  
Haue you not kild my Husband, troad my Sonnes  
Into the mire, that you might ſafely walke  
Ouer their heads vnto Ambition?

And can you hope, that wee haue any hope  
In you, but desolation? Her. Your despaire  
Turne temperance into folly; Charity  
Would more become the dying. E. Arist. Tis confeſt;  
Nor is it lost in this ſad Argument:

We know our liues are forfeyt, take them Sir;  
To dye, is the firſt contract that was made  
Twixt Mankinde and the World; tis a debt,  
For which there's no forgiuenelle, th'onely cauſe  
For which we were created; and,indeed,  
To die's mans nature, not his punishment;  
What folly then would ſhun it? Boldly Sir,  
Vſe what your power hath conquer'd. Her. So I will;  
Your owne lips are your Judges; and these hands,  
Arm'd with these two Stillettoes at one blow,  
Shall thus driue all feares from me; but vnite Offers to ſtab,  
Two friends in mine imbraces; happy ones, lets the poniard  
Exceeding happy ones; let not your feares fal, & imbraces  
Draw to your eyes falſe figures, or make me Ari. & Alex.  
Appeare that which I am not: come, I loue you,

Dearely I loue you; all that I haue done  
Constraint, and not my nature perſtitte:  
Be henceforth free for ever; Egypt, nor  
The World ſhall ſafelier guard you; as you ſtand  
Thus ſhall you ſtill ſupport me; Holines Places Arist. on his  
Vpon my right hand; Mother you ſhall ſit right hand, and Q.  
Euer vpon my left hand; both ſhall be Alex. on his left.  
Mine Armour, Counſell, and proſperity.

Omnes.

## Herod and Antipater.

*Ommes.* This grace is past example; *Herod's* a God.

*Her.* 'Tis but their first step to felicity:

*Antipater*, your care.

*Herod* whispers with *Antipater*, *Antipater* with *T. Alexander*,  
and *Prince Aristobulus*.

*T. Alex.* Mother, the King is gracious.

*P. Alex.* Past beleefe,

Nor shall the memory lose me; this not fain'd,  
Ile fixe my prayers vpon him. *Ios.* You shall doe  
Wrong to your royll nature to suspect him.

*E. Arist.* Sir, 'tis true;  
I hold his word a rocke to build vpon.

*P. Arist.* The sport is excellent, the wager firme,  
My person shall maintaine it.

*T. Alex.* So shall mine.

*Clap bands.*

*Antip.* And if I shrinke, make me a weather-cocke.

*Her.* How soone a foule day's cleared: Now to make  
Your happiness more constant; Brother, know,  
The Temple of King Salomon which I  
The other day defaced and threw downe  
Low as the earth it stood on; once againe  
I will erect with double excellency.

*Joseph*, my Brother, to your noble charge  
I giue that holy building; see it fram'd  
To th'height of Art and wonder; spare no gold,  
Jewels, nor rich imposture; I haue mines,  
And all shall be exhausted; that the world  
May boast, King *Herod* out-went *Salomon*.

*Ios.* Sir, y'haue ingag'd me where my heart desir'd;  
Doubt not my diligence. *Her.* Tis knowne too well:  
How now, what newes Centurion? How stands fate  
Betweene *Augustus* and *Marke Anthony*? *Enter Hillus.*

*Hill.* O royll Sir, deadly vnfortunate;  
For, neuer was so sad a day before  
Seene to ore-couer *Egypt*: To be briefe  
*Augustus* hath the Conquest; *Anthony*  
Lies buried in the blood his warlike hand  
Strucke from his royll bosome; the sad *Queen*

*Antip. E. Arist.*

*T. Ari. P. Alex.*

*whisper.*

# The true Tragedy of

O retakes him with like fury, and now both  
Are turnd to dust and ashes. *Her.* Thou hast spoke  
Much sorrow in a few words. *Hill.* But hold still  
Farre greater to vnburthen: Soone as chance  
Had made *Augustus* happy, and oretrowne  
Faire *Cleopatra*, and her *Anthony*;  
Hee viewes his spoyles, and 'mongst them findes the aide  
Y'ad sent to interpose him: Now hee frownes,  
Bends his enraged forehead, and protests,  
That *Iuda* and *Ierusalem* shall curse  
They euer heard the name of *Anthony*:  
And this hee spake with such an Emphasis,  
As shooke my heart within me; yet gaue wings  
Vnto my faith to tell you. *Her.* Sir, no more,  
Th'ast split me with thy Thunder; I haue made  
*Rome* and the world my mortall enemies;  
Yet vertue did transport me; but that guard  
Is no guard now: Tell me, Centurion,  
Where did you leaue *Augustus*? *Hill.* Sir, in *Rhodes*.

*Her.* Tis a faire easie Iourney, I'm resolu'd;  
Nor shall perswasion change me; hence Ile goe,  
And as a Hermite throw at *Cesars* feete  
My Crowne and person; if hee pitty them,  
My peace is made; if otherwise,  
My fault flies not beyond me. *Kip.* O my Sonne,  
This is a desperate hazard. *Sal.* Nay tis more;  
A tempting of your fortune. *Her.* Be content,  
Mother and Sister, nothing alters me;  
Nor doe they loue me, that would draw my will  
To any other compasse: *Joseph*, to you  
I leaue the Realmes protection, and the care  
Of building vp the Temple: Nay, no teares, *The women*  
They prophesie my death, which doe but shew *weepes*  
A low dejected countnance; if I haue  
Power in your hearts, this day I challenge you  
To giue them vnto pastime, that the world  
May see, we dread not fortune. *Antip.* Tis resolu'd;  
And Ile be first to shew obedience.

Sir,

## Herod and Antipater.

Sir, 'twixt my Princely Brothiers and my selfe,  
I'ue made a match of Swimming, if you please  
But to allow the Contract. *Her.* How is't made?

*Antip.* That I and th'high Priest *Aristobulus*,  
Will swim more swift, more comely, and more wayes,  
Then can my Princely Brothers. *Her.* Are all agreed?

*Eld. Arist.* All, if your Maiesty consent thereto.

*Her.* For those young men it skils not; but Sir, you,  
I'm curious of your danger. *Ant.* There's no feare.

*P. Alex.* Tis a braue recreation. *T. Arist.* A fit skill  
For Princes to delight in. *Eld. Arist.* Gracious Sir,  
Let me consort my Brothers. *Her.* Be your will  
Your owne director; I am satisfied.

*All.* Why tis a match then.

*Her.* Yet looke well to your safeties; for my selfe,  
*Rhodes* is mine obiect; Dearest Loue, farewell;  
This kisse seale my remembrance; Mothers, let  
Your onely prayers assist me; for the rest,  
Despaire not till my downfall; goe, away,  
Reply not, if you loue me; only *Antipater*, *Exe. all but Her.*  
Stay and attend me further. Princely youth, *rod and Antip.*  
Of all the hopes that doe attend my life,  
Thy Greatnesse is my greatest; nor would I  
Imbache me in this desperate vessel thus, *Joseph returns and listens.*  
Wer't not to raise thy fortunes: But tis now  
No time for Courtship; onely, I must leauue  
Two sad commandments with thee. *Ant.* Speak them Sir,  
Without exception, you cannot devise  
What Ile not execute. *Her.* Tis nobly said:  
Thou seest the high Priest *Aristobulus*,  
And knowst how like a heauy waight he hangs,  
Pressing our fortunes downward; if hee liue  
Our liues haue no assurance. *Ant.* Tis resolu'd,  
Hee neuer sees to morrow; soone at night,  
When we doe swim our wager, Ile so teach  
His Holinesse to diue, that on the earth  
Henere shall tread to hurt vs. *Her.* Thou hast hit  
The obiect that I looke at. *Ios.* ( But shot wide

## The true Tragedy of

Of goodness, and all good thoughts.) *Her.* This performd,  
There yet remaines another thing to doe,  
Which neerelier doth concerne me. *Ant.* Speake it Sir;  
Your pleasure is mine Armour. *Her.* Briefly thus,  
If through my fortune, or *Augustus* wrath,  
I perish in this Journey; by that loue,  
Which nature, fauour, or my best deserts  
Can kindle in thy bosome; I coniure  
And binde thee on the first intelligence,  
By poyson, sword, or any violent meanes,  
To kill my Wife *Marriam*; let no man  
But *Herod* tast her sweetnesse; which perform'd,  
My soule in death shall loue thee. *Ant.* Thinke tis done;  
By heauen the houre which tells me of your death,  
Is th' oure of her destruction; I haue sworne,  
And there's no fate can change me. *Her.* Be thy selfe,  
Constant and vremoued; so farewell.

*Jof.* Two fiends like these were neuer spit from Hell.

*Exeunt Herod and Joseph severally.*

*Ant.* Goe *Herod*, happy King; nay *Herod*, goe,  
Vnhappy, cause so happy; happy King,  
Whilst th' art a King; vnhappy when no King:  
Hangs then mishap or hap vpon a King, or no King?  
Then *Herod*, be no King; *Antipater* be King:  
And what's a King? a God: and what are Gods, but Kings?  
*Ioue*, Prince of Gods, was petty King of paltry *Creece*;  
Men subiect are to Kings and Gods; but of the twaine,  
Their Gods than Kings commands, they rather disobay;  
Kings greater then; nay, better then, then Gods:  
Then but a King or God, naught with *Antipater*;  
And rather King then God; no God; a King, a King.  
When I complaine to Echo but head-aking; it cries, a King;  
When I, in mirth, am musique making; it sounds, a King:  
Each sight, when I am waking; presents a King:  
When I my rest am taking; I see a King.  
Last night I saw, or seem'd to see; nay, sure I saw  
A Crown hang ore my head; & throgh the Crown a Sword:  
I saw, I sigh'd, I cryed, O when? O when?

## Herod and Antipater.

Fall Crowne ; yea fall with Sword; fall both, so one may fall :  
But why dreame I of falling, that must rise ;  
Nay runne, nay leape, nay flie vnto a Crowne ?  
Gyants heape hills on hills, to scale high Heauen ;  
I, heads on heads, to climbe a Kingdomes Skye :  
But oh, I am a Sonne ; a Sunne, O happy name ;  
A Sunne must shine alone, obscuring Moone, and Starres :  
I, but I am a Bastard ; what of that ?  
Men base by birth, in worth are seldome base ;  
And Natures Out-casts, still are Fortunes Darlings :  
*Bacchus, Apollo, Mercury* ; Bastards, yet brauest Gods :  
Then, why not I a God, a Demi-God, or Worthy ?  
You Gods, you Demi-Gods, you Worthies then assist me ;  
That, as our birth was like, our worth may beare like price :  
If they refuse ; come Deuils, and befriend me ;  
My breast lies open ; come ; come Furies and possesse it ;  
Hatch heere some monstrous brood, worthy of you and me ;  
Which all Posterities may know, but none beleue ;  
Wherat the Sunne may not goe backe, as once it did,  
*At Atreus tyrannie* ; but fall and dye for euer : (ble ;  
Wherat the Heau'ns may quake, Hell blush, & Nature trem-  
And men (halfe mad) may stand amaz'd. So, so, it works, it  
My breast swels to a Mountaine ; and I breed (works ;  
A Monster, past description ; to whose birth,  
Come Furies, and bee Mid-wives. Ha'ke ! O harke !

### Dumbe Shew.

*Musique : and, Enter Egystus and Clitemnestra dancing a Curranto, which is broken off by the sound of Trumpets : then, enter Agamemnon, and divers Noblemen in Triumph : Egystus whispers with Clitemnestra, and delivers her a sleeveleffe shirt ; then slips aside : Clitemnestra imbraces Agamemnon, he dismisses his Traine ; shee offers him the shirt, he offers to put it on, and being intangled, Egystus and shee kills him ; then departs, leaving at Antipaters feete two Scrowles of paper.*

*Ant. So shall it be ; shall it ? no shalls ; tis done, dispatcht :  
Who can resolute, can doe ; who can dispose, can better :  
My way, seauen single persons, and two houses trosse ;  
Supported by a many headed beast :*

## The true Tragoedy of

O, had they all one head, or all their heads one necke,  
Or all their necks one body, which one blow might broach;  
But had they *Hydra*'s heads, *Gerions* bodies; *Hercules*,  
By making them away, would make his way to Heauen:  
But as an hunger-starued Tyger, betweene two Heifers,  
Here yawnes, there gapes, in doubt where first to fasten;  
So doubt I where to set my piwes, but care not where;  
My Father shall be first, that order be obseru'd;  
Whose death I wish, not worke, lest piety be wanting;  
*Rome* will I hope easie me of that disturbance:  
*Herod* is come *Augustus*, friend to thy foe, and so thy foe;  
Keep him *Augustus*, nay kill him *Augustus*, or *Ioue* kill him &  
Passe he by Land or Sea, or Hell, or vnder Heauen: (thee;  
O Earth; food vnto him, or none, or noysome giue:  
O Sea; his ships or sinke in sandes, or drinke in waues:  
O Heauen; or stop his breath, or lend contagious breath:  
O Hell; for kindnesse, call him in thy wombe: In summe,  
Gape Earth, swell Seas, fall Heauen, Hell swallow him:  
But, let me see; what say my hellish Counsellors?  
*Egyptus* wooes, and winnes, and weares a Crowne: a Queene  
Receiuies with loue (false loue) the Victor King; vnam'd,  
She cloathes him in her handi-worke, a shurt,  
Which had no head or armes to issue out;  
Intangled thus they slew him: let me see,  
What haue they left? thus *Clitemnestra* writes;  
*Per sceleras semper sceleribus tutum est iter*;  
Fond is the stay of sinne; sinne safest way to sinne;  
*Egyptus* leaues this axiome;  
*Nec regna scotium ferre, nec tede sciunt*;  
None, or alone; Kings can indure no Riuals;  
I vnderstand you well; and so will worke;  
Whetting against my Father both his Wife,  
His Sister and her Husband; some by Feare,  
Some by Beleefe, and some by Ialousie:  
Thus rise I on their heads, and with their hands  
Rip vp their naturall Bowels: Tis decreed,  
The Plot is laid, Parts must bee playd,  
No time delaide.

Exit.

Enter

## Herod and Antipater.

Enter Lime the Mason, Handsaw the Carpenter, and Durc  
the Labourer.

Han. Tis a good handsome Plot, and full of Art ;  
But how like you my Modell for the Timber-worke ?

Lim. Pretty, pretty, if the seates be not too spacious.

Dur. O, tis much the better, and fitter for the Scribes &  
Pharisies to sleepe vpon : but here comes the Lord Ioseph.

Enter Ioseph.

Ios. Well said my maisters, and how mounteth the braue  
Temple ? may a man stand on the top of it and oreooke  
the Sunne ?

Han. The Sunne is very high Sir ; yet there is neuer an  
Almanacke-maker, but may lie on his backe and behold  
Capricorne.

Ios. Tut, any foolish Citizen may doe that which hath  
his wife for his maister : but stay ; what's hee ?

Enter Achitophel & Disease, with a Banner full of ruptures.

Ach. Come away Disease, and hang vp these my trophees,  
Whilst I with gentle ayre, beat vpon the eares of passengers.

Dis. At hand Sir, and heere is your Ensigne ; as for your  
Drugges, there is not one of them but is able to send a man  
to God or the Diuell in an instant. Achitophel sings.

Ach. Come will you buy, for I haue heere  
The rarest Gummes that euer were ;  
Gold is but drosse and Features dye,  
Els Aesculapins tells a lie :

But I,

Come will you buy,  
Haue Medicines for that Maladie.

Ios. What's hee ?

Lim. O Sir, it is one that vndertakes to know more Sim-  
ples, then euer grew in Paradise ; tis Rabbi Achitophel.

Ios. What, the famous Mountebanke ?

Dur. The same Sir. Achitophel sings.

Ach. Is there a Lady in this place,  
Would not bee mask't, but for her face ;

# The true Tragoedy of

O doe not blush, for heere is that  
Will make your pale cheeke plump and fat.

Then why

Should I thus crye,  
And none a Scruple of mee buye.

Iof. Reuerend Iew; I heare y'are fam'd for many rarities;  
As Sculpture, Painting, and the setting forth  
Of many things that are inscrutable;  
Besides you are a learned rare Physitian.

Ach. I know as much as ere *Sambathaw* did,  
That was old *Adams* Schoolmaister; for, look you Sir: Sings.

Heere is a rare Mercurian Pill,  
An Anodine helps euery ill;  
The Dissentere, and the Gout,  
And cures the sniueling in the Snout.

The Sick,  
Or any Cricke,  
Straight cures this Diaphoreticke.

Iof. I shall haue imployment for you.

Ach. The Iew is all your Creature, and his skill  
Hee'l willingly bestow vpon your gooduelse.

Iof. O Sir, you shall not.

Dis. Yes Sir, my Maister will willingly giue you his skill;  
Yet, with this *Memorandum*, you must pay for his good will.

Iof. I am no niggard, Sir.

Dis. Besides, my Lord, there's neuer a Pibble in *Jordan*, but  
my Maister is able to make the Philosophers Stone of it.

Dur. O wonderfull! as how I pray you Sir?

Dis. Why by extraction, solution, reuerberation, coagu-  
lation, fixation, viuiuication, mortification, & *multa alia*.

Ach. Peace knaue, I say, these pearls must not feed Porkets.

Han. How, doe you make Swine of vs? I tell you we are  
as arrand Iewes as your selfe.

Iof. No more, y'are all for mine imployment; you for stone,  
You for Painting, you for Timber-worke;  
No man shall want his merit: Goe, away,

## Herod and Antipater.

Apply your labours, there's a largesse for you.

AH. O braue Lord Ioseph. Sings.

A C H. Come to me Gallants you whose need,  
The common Surgeons cannot reede;  
Heere is a Balme will cure all sores,  
Got in Broyles, or unwholsome whores.

Come away,

For why the day,  
Is past, and heere I cannot stay. Exc. all but Ioseph.

Enter Alexandra & Marriam, Antipater & Salumith aloft.

Q. Alex. O cease my Marriam, teares can doe no good;  
This Murder's past example; to be drownd,  
Drownd in a shallow murmure where the stones  
Chid the faint water for not couering them.  
O, 'twas a plot beyond the Diuell sure,  
Man could not haue that mallice. Mar. Madam yes,  
And 'twas some great one too that had his fist  
Thrust in the blood of Aristobulus.

Q. Ale. For which blood Ile haue vengeance, & my tears  
Shall neuer drye till it bee perfited.

Ios. Madam, forbear complaining; would this were  
The worste of Mischiefes iourney. Mar. Know you worse?

Ios. I dare not speake my knowledge, though my heart  
Leapes twixt my lips to vtter Mysteries.

Antip. Note you that Salumith?

Sal. Yes, it hath pincht her on the petticoate.

Mar. Sir, as y'are noble, whatsoere you know  
Of these mishaps, with freedome vtter it. Q. Al. Utter it;  
For Heau'ns sake vtter it, noble, worthy Lord.

Ios. Madam, I dare not.

Mar. As you loue vertue speake it; let my teares  
Winne so much from thy goodnesse; noble Sir,  
Soule of thy Generation, thou honestest 'mongst men:  
O speake it, speake it. Ans. Note you this Courtship?

Sal. Yes, tis Sorcery.

Q. Alex. Good Sweete, vnlocke these counsels.

# The true Tragedy of

*Mar.* By all the bonds of Chastity and truth,  
It shall proceede no further. *Iof.* You haue laid  
Such strong Commandments on me I must yeeld:  
Harke, your eares. *Whispers.*

*Antip.* Are they not kissing Madam?

*Sal.* Yes; may poysone flow betweene them.

*Q. Alex.* *Antipater*; he drowne him!

*Iof.* Nay, be still; you shall heare greater mischiefe.

*Mar.* Poysone me, if he perish! O you Gods,  
What Treason lurkes in Greatnesse; this hath made  
Wounds in my heart, through which his loue and name,  
Is fled from me for euer! *Iof.* Tis a fault  
Which asks your deepest wisedome: come, let's in;  
Ile tell you stranger Stories. *Q. Alex.* Yet I feare,  
None that can draw more vengeance or despaire. *Exeunt.*

*Antip.* Awaken Madam, they are vanished.

*Sal.* Not from mine outrage, that shall like a storme  
Follow them and confound them; I will make  
The world in blood, text downe my crueltie.

*Ant.* I cannot blame you, tis strange impudence.

*Sal.* Ile be reueng'd; by all my hopes I will,  
Highly and deeply; shallow foole, no more;  
Still waters drowne, the shallow doe but roare. *Exit Sal.*

*Ant.* Ile not be farre behinde, but helpe to send  
All vnto hell; tis for a Crowne I stand,  
And Crownes are oft the ruines of a Land. *Ex. Ant.*

*Enter Augustus, Decius, Lucullus, and Attendants.*

*Aug.* Thus haue we queld Rebellion; thus (like smoke)  
Vanishes hence the name of *Anthony*:  
Only some Props remaine yet; which Ile rend  
Vp by the roots and scatter: amongst which  
Vngratefull *Herod* is a Principall;  
On whom Ile shower my vengeance. *Enter Minims.*

*Mur.* Gracious Sir; the King of *India*, like a Supplicant,  
Desires accessse vnto your Maestie. *Aug.* Who, *Herod*?

*Mur.* Sir, the same. *Aug.* Tis a strange ouer-daring.

*Luc.* An attempt wisedome would hardly runne to.

*Aug.* Call him in;

*Hec*

## 'Herod and Antipater.'

Hee dares not come to braue vs ; *Rome* hath power  
To shake a stronger building ; and his feares  
Are glaisses of his danger : no man looke  
On *Inda*, but with hatred. — — — *Enter Herod.*

*Her.* Mighty Sir ; to you, as him of whom I first receiu'd.  
The Crowne of *Inda*, humbly I returne it ;  
And thus arise. Know now ( the great'st 'mongst men )  
Tis not for Life I plead, but Honesty,  
For Vertue, Valour, Honour, Prowesse, Grace,  
And all good mens acquaintance : I confess,  
I ayded *Anthony* ; if for that I fall,  
A true friends teares shall bee my Funerall.

*Luc.* Tis a rare Gratulation. *Dec.* I'm afraid  
New feare will alter it. *Mus.* Obserue the Emperour.

*Her.* Tis true ( great Sir ) your sacred hand was first  
Inuested mee in *Inda* ; gaue mee that  
I can forlacke with comfort : keepe it still ;  
Who from a Crowne is rid, is free from cares ;  
I prize the worth, lesse then two fluxine teares.

*Ang.* This is a kinde of brauing. *Her.* Hear me forth ;  
And when y'auc heard ; this, for extremitie :  
Since first the time I wore the sorrowfull Wreath,  
( For Crownes and Sorrowes are incorporate,  
And hang like linkes, one wreathed in another )  
Since first the Crowne I wore, you knew my grieues ;  
But nere reliu'd me by Person or by Deputy ;  
No, not when *Asia* and the *Affricke* strands  
Ioyn'd both to ouer-throw me : onely, then,  
The euer-prais'd ( now lost ) *Marke Anthony*  
Thrust forth his hand and staid me ; he kept firme  
My foote that then was sliding ; I, for this,  
Sent him not ayde, but rent long purchased.  
O ( gracious Sir ) view mine oblidgements well,  
And you shall see vertue did gouerne me.  
Why, did his life yet lie within my hands,  
Thus would I straddle o're him as I stand ;  
Mine armes disauer'd like two Rhodian Props ;  
And ere I bent, my Trunke should be the Basc

# The true Tragedy of

For his dread foes to build Ambition on:  
This would I doe; and, if this bee a Crime,  
It is so good an one, I scorne my breath:  
Who liues the liues the longest still must end in death;  
And so must I.

*Ang.* Thou art thine owne Judge *Herod*: call a Slaue,  
A desperate Slaue; 'mongst all our Prisoners, *Exit Mut.*  
Chuse him that hath least mercy: you shall finde,  
Your Friendship had a false grownd. *Enter Mut. & a Slaue.*

*Her.* *Casar*, no; Vertue was the foundation, and you may  
Batter, but not o'rethow it. *Ang.* Well Ile try  
The vtmost of your fortitude: arme that Slaue;  
And Sirrah, kill that Traytor; tis a worke  
That brngs you home your Freedome.

*I. Sla.* Gracious Sir, what is he I must murder?

*Ang.* Tis a King. *I. Sla.* Ha!

*Dec.* Villaine, why star'st thou? Strike, I say, you Slaue.

*I. Sla.* Slaue, Ile not strike; knowst thou or he, or he, or *Casar*?  
What tis to bee a Murderer; nay, more,  
The Murderer of a King; nay, most of all,  
To murder God himselfe; (for such are Kings: )  
O you dull bloody Romans; see, in's eyes  
Are thousands of arm'd arm'd Angels; and each Ray  
A flame of Lightning ready to deuoure  
The hand thatts lift gainst sacred Maiestie.

*Casar*, I'm no Italian; though thy Slaue,  
I will not be thy Diuell; those are bred  
Ith' Shambles, let them Butcher; fetch for this  
Some from the Roman Gallowes; for they are  
Hangmen that must performe it; and thou lookst  
Like one: goe, take the Office, Ile not doo it.

*Ang.* The Slaue's affraid to strike him; timerous Coward:  
Call another. *Exit Minut.*

*I. Sla.* Timerous! *Casar*, no:  
Were I to scale a Tower, or sacke a Towne,  
I'de doo't; although the ruines fell like Quarries on me:  
Timerous! I neare fear'd Mankinde; *Casar*, know,  
Nor earth nor Hell hath ought that can affright me!

*Luc.*

## Herod and Antipater.

I'ue buckled with proud *Julius* thine Vnkle, and was one  
That, by expulsion, beate him from bright *Albion*:  
And yet to kill a King, I'm timerous. *Ent. Mut. & 2. Sla.*

*Aug.* Let that Slaue haue the weapon: Sirrah, kill  
That King, and haue thy freedome: wilt thou doo't?

*2. Sla.* Yes, for my liberty,  
As soone as you can speake it: Shall I strike?

*Aug.* Stay, what's thy Country?

*2. Sla.* *Rome, Rome*; I was bred in one of those Colledges  
where Letchery and Murder are Pue-mates: Come, will  
you giue the word? *Her.* Doe not deferre it *Casar*,  
I haue made peace with my Conscience long since.

*Aug.* Why then strike.  
Yet Villaine hold; art not amaz'd to doo't?

*2. Sla.* Amaz'd, why?  
To strike off these my shackles, such a blow  
I would giue to my Father. *Aug.* But a worse  
Shall fall vpon thy Carcasse: binde that Slaue,  
And throw him headlong downe into the Sea;  
The earth's too much infected. — *Herod*, thus  
Mine armes giues thee thy freedome: take thy *Crowne*;  
Weare it with safety; and but be to mee  
Faithfull; I leue thee as did *Anthony*.

*Her.* *Casar* is royll; and, by this, hath bound  
A faithfull Seruant to him. *Aug.* For that wretch,  
Giue him his liberty; since th'ast seru'd  
Vertue, thou shalt serue *Casar*; henceforth be  
Commander ore a Legion: Those that know  
Goodnesse; by Goodnesse euer greater grow.

*2. Sla.* *Casar's* a God in all things. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Finis Actus prima.*

## Act. 2. Scœna 1.

Enter at one Dore *Marram* and *Alexandra*; at another  
*Kiparim* and *Salumith*, they meeete and passe disdainfullly.

*Kip.* Lord how their poyson swels them.

*Sal.* Sure they'l burst, if this strong Chollicke hold them.

*D 3.*

*Mar.*

# The true Tragedy of

*Mar.* Mother, withdraw; the Greeke begins to scold.

*Sal.* And why to scold, proud Madame?

*Mar.* Nay, I want a tongue for your encounter.

*Kip.* Yet this thing,

Of which thou art deriued, ought to know  
Shee owes me some obeysance; though she was  
Mother to him that wore the Crowne, I am  
Mother to him that weares it.

*Sal.* Tut, pride loues not to distinguish: goodly Lord,  
not so much as how doe you forsooth; ( euery foolish Citi-  
zens salutation;) nor haile to the Sister of my Lord the King,  
( euery Court-Coxecombes Congee;) nor saue you sweet  
Lady, ( Fooles and Phisitians Orizons )

*Mar.* How this shewes.

*Kip.* It shewes that you are insolent.

*Q. Alex.* Insolent: hugge it sweetly, tis your owne;  
And euery sinne besides that's damnable:  
Come, y'are despised Grecians; so prophane,  
Ignoble and vnholy, that our Tribes  
Are staind in your coniunctions; poore things, know,  
Your titular King, in whom your glories dwell,  
Is but a royll murderer; your selues,  
And his proud Bastard, bloody Substitutes:  
O, I could paint you brauely; for my grieues  
Haue all your perfect colours. *Sal.* Come I could  
Make you runne dog-like backe, and from the ground  
Licke vp the filth you vtterd. *Mar.* Neuer sure;  
Sheele leaue it where she found it. *Sal.* Yes, and you  
Leaue vertue where you found it; harke you Queene,  
You are vnaught, and most incontinent.

*Mar.* Incontinent: with whom?

*Sal.* His picture lies within you; plucke it out,  
And let your false heart follow.

*Mar.* It is Truths part to suffer; so must I.

*Sal.* Vengeance vpon such sufferance.

*Q. Alex.* Come, y'are a barbarous Creature.

*Kip.* Base Edomite.

*Sal.* Old Beldame.

*Q. Alex.* Slanderous Grecian.  
*Q. Alex.* Young Cocatrice.

*Kip.*

## Herod and Antipater.

Kip. S'death, I could teare thine eyes out. *Enter Antip.*

Q. Alex. Do but ( This ) that motion shall destroy thee.

Sal. Marry mew.

Ant. Hold in the name of Verue ; heere's a braule  
Able to inflame patience : Beauteous Queenes,  
Diuinest *Alexandra* ; what can moue  
These stormes in this calme weather. Mar. Flattering Sir,  
You best can close vp mischiefe. Ant. If I may,  
Ile lay my life a subiect to your mercies ;  
Make me your footstooles to appease your wrathes ;  
My blood Ile make your sacrifice. Q. Alex. No more ;  
I that but now shed teares, now laugh : O God !  
To see so braue a Maister-piece of Villany  
By such a Bastard I Issue bee compacted :  
Thou make attonement ? Hence Bastard, hence ;  
The dregges of Lust, the foule Disease of Wine,  
That wert begot when sinne was reuelling :  
Thou make attonement ? No ; goe learne to drowne  
The Lords elected people ; heere stands shee  
That lookes to tast thy poyson. Ant. Miracles !  
Wrest not my good thoughts ( Madam ) for I call  
Just Heauen to witnesse how I lou'd your Sonne ;  
And would my selfe haue dyed to ransome him ;  
But your misprision I impute to heate  
And Chollericke spleene, which now misgouernes you.

Kip. Nay, you should thanke her for abusing you ;  
Wee are become her vassals. Ant. Thinke not so.

Sal. Yes, and cry vengeance for it ; wicked one,  
There's wier whips in making, and I know  
Furies will soundly lash you ; you, and you ;  
Both are markt out to perish ; faith you are. *Enter Joseph.*

Iof. How now ; what means this outrage ? Peace for shame ;  
This talke fits Stewes and Brothels : Come, no more ;  
Mother, your iudgement should be farre more wise ;  
And Madam, you should be more temperate :  
At Princes hands, all iniuries should looke  
Not for reuenge but patience.

Kip. Thou which art made of Cowardise and feare ;

Dost.

# The true Tragedy of

Dost thou confirme their actions? *Sal.* Yes, tis fit;  
Lust still must flatter falsehood.

*Iof.* Ha; what's that? why Wife —

*Sal.* Call me not Wife;

The sound of death hath farre more Musique in it:  
Wife? O, my fate! Wife vnto such a Letcher?

*Iof.* Why *Salumith*.

*Sal.* Ile be no *Salumith* of thine, ther' es your Loue;  
She whom you foster in her insolencies;  
Shee's your *Salumith*: O crudulous women,  
How easily are you gul'd, with a seducing kisse!

*Ant.* Now it workes.

*Sal.* A faire word makes the Diuell seeme a Saint;  
But Ile be reueng'd, and in so strange a course  
As neuer woman tooke. D'yee perpetrate my goodnes?  
There's your *Salumith*. *Ant.* Admirable still.

*Kip.* And there's th'old Hen her Mother,  
A couple of season'd dishes, fall too, fall too.

*Ant.* Nay Madam, y'are too bitter.

*Iof.* By Heauen & happines, I know not what this meanes;  
Yet were the King not sodainly return'd,  
And craud our swift attendance; I would sift  
And try this language strangely.

*Ant.* Is the King return'd? *Iof.* He is, and safely.

*Kip.* Then my hate, Ile giue thee fire to worke on.

*Sal.* So will I; I'm arm'd with able mischiefe.

*Ant.* And my plots

Shall runne as fast to ayd and second you.

*Iof.* Ladies, shake hands with passion, and let's ioyne  
To meete the King with roiall cheerefulnesse.

*Mar.* Sir, not I;

Let them that loue their horror seekē it still:

Goodnesse I want, with him is all that's ill.

*Q. Alex.* You may report our speeches; say, our ioy  
Is, we haue left no more he can destroy.

*Exe. Q. Alex.*

*Iof.* This is a violent passion.

*& Marriams.*

*Ant.* Let it rule;

Repentance needes must follow.

*Enter*

## Herod and Antipater.

Enter Herod, P. Alex. T. Aristob. Pheroas, and Attendants.

Omnes. Welcome, O welcome to Ierusalem;  
May Herod liue for euer fortunate.

Her. We thank you: Mother & Sister, rise; let no knee bow  
But to the Gods of *Greece*; by whose support  
Wee stand vnshakt and vnremoورد: but (me thinkes)  
In this great vniuersall Rhapsodie  
Of comfort and amazement, I doe misse  
Two faire companions of my happinesse:  
Where is my louely *Marriam*? what withdrawes  
Her Mother *Alexandra*? Sure, my heart  
Lookt for their entertainment. Ios. Gracious Sir,  
Th'vnfortunate destruction of her Sonne,  
The high Priest *Aristobulus* (late drownd  
Within the Riuier *Rigill*) so takes vp  
Their hearts with powerfull sorrow, that their minds  
Are borne with nothing but calamity.

Her. That guest is soone remoued; goe, my Sonnes,  
Inforne your Grandmother and Mother-Queene,,  
How much I long to see them. P. Alex. Tis a worke  
Worthy our duties. Her. Ioseph, goe, attend;  
There's need of your assistance. Ex. P. Alex. T. Ari. & Ios.

Sal. Yes; and all I feare too weake to draw them:  
Royall Sir, you are abus'd in your credulity;  
It is not grieve but malice, bitter spleene,  
An anger I may call Treason, which keepes backe  
Theſe two from noble duties: Sir, they say  
You doe vſurpe, and are a Murderer,  
And teach all yours to murder; that you are  
No lawfull King of *Israel*; but a *Greeke*  
Descended basely; drawne from polluted blood:  
Prophane, vnholy; nay, (indeed) what not  
That Rancor can imagine? Sir, I feare  
Your life is plotted on; a wrath like theirs,  
So lowd, so publique, nay so impudent;  
Is not without assistance. Ant. Brauely vrg'd.

Her. Good Sister, thinke not so; a losſe like theirs  
Will make dumbe patience muteny; beleeu't,

It inoues much in my ownē brest ; as for plots,  
Alas, what can they dreame of ? *Sal.* Desperate things.  
Things which may shake your foot-hold ; for, I feare  
The Queene is turnd an *Apis*, and will spread  
Her fatall poyson ore you ; if you doate,  
The Lethargie will kill you : Sir, tis said,  
Nay, t'will be prou'd she is incontinent.

*Her.* Incontinent ! with whom ?

*Sal.* With him I blush to mention ; *Joseph* Sir,  
*Joseph* my Husband wrongs you. *Her.* Peace for shame ;  
Your Ialousie doth foole you. *Kip.* Well, take heede  
Affection doe not blinde you : tis a staine,  
Almoſt the whole world finds out ; and a truth,  
Not hidden, but apparant ; pray you Sir,  
Speake you what is reported. *An.* Tis not fit,  
Nor dare I credit Rumor, chiefly when  
It speakes of ſuch great persons ; yet tis true,  
Many vilde things are vtterd ; nay indeed  
Some prou'd I wish were hidden : but alas,  
Who knowes not Slander's euer iinpudent ?

*Sal.* Doe not giue truth that title ; for you know,  
It will be prou'd by many witneſſes.

*Her.* Thart iealous Sister, and than ſuch a fiend,  
There is no worse companion : come, no more ;  
Should all the Prophets, Patriarchs, and Priests  
Lodg'd in the holy Bookes of Israel  
Come forth and tell this message, I would stand  
Boldly and interpoſe them ; for I know,  
There is no truth to guard them ; no nor' faith.  
O my Diuineſt *Mariam*, how art thou  
And thy great ſweetneſſe iniur'd ? Th'vnblowne Rose,  
The mines of Chryſtall, nor the Diamond,  
Are halfe ſo chaſt, ſo pure and innocent.  
O poore forsaken Vertue, how art thou  
Torne downe by thy despifers, and consum'd  
By th' eniuious flame of the malicious ?  
But I am come to guard thee, and restore  
Thy goodneſſe backt with interest ; for I vow

## Herod and Antipater.

To heare naught but thy praises: heere shee comes;  
Enter P. Alex. T. Aris. Ioseph, Marriam, & Alexandra.

Welcome my dearest, sweetest, happiest,  
All that my longings looke for; thus, and thus,  
Like a rich Chaine, my loue shall hang about thee;  
And make the whole world doe thee reuerence;  
Nay weepe not Mother; come, I know your care,  
And beare an equall burthen: heere, O heere  
Is the true Tombe of *Aristobulus*.

Q. Alex. You can dissemble royally; but that  
Cannot cure mine Impostume. Her. Say not so;  
You must forget the worke of accident.

Q. Alex. Of accident? of plotted Massacre;  
Murder beyond example: but there's left  
A Hell to reckon with. Her. Good sweet, no more;  
Let not your Judgement wrong you to suspect  
Mine Innocence vniustly; for, I vow,  
Neuer came death so neare me; or did force  
My teares in such abundance; but you know,  
Earth must not question Heauen: Yet to shew  
My faire affection to your Princely Sonne;  
Within an Vrne of Gold, Ile lode his bones;  
And to his Funerall Rites, adde such a Pompe,  
As shall amaze Inuention; and besides,  
There's not an eye in all *Ierusalem*,  
But shall drop sorrow for him. Q. Alex. Funerals are  
But wretched satisfactions. Kip. Note this pride.

Sal. Yes, and her Daughters fullennesse.

Her. Why looks my louely *Marriam* downward, & dejects  
The glory of her bright eye? I had thought  
My safe returne (which strikes a generall ioy  
Through *Iuda* and *Ierusalem*, and makes  
Mount *Sion* so triuphant) had not had  
The power to kill her comforts: Louely one;  
How haue I lost thy friendship; or, what Fiend  
Sends this Diuorce betwixt vs?

Mar. Your owne Dissimulation. Cruell Sir;  
Y'au'e dealt vniustly with me, and prophan'd

*The Tragical History of*

A Temple held you sacred. *Her.* What, your selfe?  
O doe not speake it; for to that blest Shrine  
I haue beene so religious, that the world  
Hath oft condemnd me of Idolatry:  
And can you then accuse me? *Mar.* Yes, and call  
Your owne heart to be witnesse. *Her.* Let me then  
Be strucke with fearefull Thunder. *Mar.* Sir, take heed;  
Vengeance is quicke in falling. *Her.* Let it come:  
You call a Loue in question, that's as iust  
As Equity or Goodnesse; by that power——

*Mar.* Come, you will now be periur'd; but Ile stay  
That imputation from you: What became  
Of your affection, when you bound that man;  
If you miscarried in your worke at *Rome*,  
That he should see me poyson'd? Start you now?  
O, twas a venom'd Complot. *Her.* Sir, a word:  
Y'are a faithlesse young man; and haue lost  
The great hope I had in you. *Ant.* By my life,  
Hopes, and all fruitfull wishes; I'm of this  
As Innocent as Silence: if my lips  
Ere open'd to relate it; let me feele  
Some sodaine fatall iudgement: Gracious Sir,  
Search out this secret further, 'twill be found  
There is more Treason breeding. *Her.* I'm resolu'd.  
Madam, you haue accus'd me; and I stand  
So strongly on mine owne truthe, that you must  
Discouer your Informers: 'By that loue  
Once you did faine to beare me; by that faith  
Which should linke married couples; by the awe,  
Duty and truthe of Women; or if these  
Be cancelld with you fury; yet by that  
Great power your King hath ore you, and to shun:  
The scourge of Torments, which I sollempnly  
Will try to the extreamest; heere I bind,  
Nay, doe coimmand you, that vnfainedly  
You tell me who inform'd you. *Mar.* You haue laid  
So great Commandments on me, that I dare  
In no wise disobey you. Sir, it was

## Herod and Antipater.

Lord *Joseph* that inform'd me. *Her.* Ha; *Joseph*!  
O my abused confidence! *Ans.* Now it workes.

*Kip.* The fire begins to kindle. *Sal.* But Ile bring  
Fuell that shall inflame it.

*Her.* *Joseph*? was't *Joseph*? then tis time to seele  
My cold dull vnbelieuing. *Iof.* O pardon me;  
It was my loue, not malice. *Her.* No, your lust,  
And you shall buy it dearly! Call a Guard. *Enter Animis.*  
Haue I for this so often lost my selfe *and a Guard.*  
Within the Labyrinth of her wanton eyes;  
And am I now repaid with Treachery:  
Ceaze on those wretched Creatures; *Salumis,*  
Stand forth, and what thy knowledge can approue  
Against those Traytors, speake it; now mine eare  
Lies open to my safety. *Ans.* Brauely speake,  
You shall haue strong supporters; now his eare  
Is open, see you fill it. *Sal.* Doubt me not.  
Great Sir, with confidence as full of Truth,  
As they are full of Treason; I auerre,  
These, in your absence, haue abus'd your bed,  
With most incestuous foule Adultery.

*Mar.* All that's like goodnesse shield me.

*Iof.* Woman, looke vp;  
The vault of Heauen is Marble; this vntruth  
Will make it fall to kill thee. *Sal.* Let it come,  
If I speake ought vniustly; all my words,  
My blood and oath shall scale to.

*Enter Antipater, Pheroas, and Achitophel.*

*Antip.* Good, let my loue perswade thee; doe not buzz  
Such foule things in his eares; his Maiestie  
Is too much mou'd already. *Phe.* Good my Lord,  
Let me discharge my duty. *Ant.* Nay, for that,  
I dare not to withstand; yet, questionlesse,  
The Queene is not so wicked. —Goe, put home;  
Y'au all things to assist you: —Sirrah Iew,  
Forget not thy preferment. *Ach.* Feare me not.

*Her.* How now, what tumult's that?

*Phe.* O my dread Lord,

The true Tragedy of

Grant me your gracious pardon ; I must tell  
A sad and heauy Story ; yet most true :  
And yet 'gainst such a person, as I feare  
Your care will not receiue it. *Her.* Speake ; 'gainst whom ?  
• *Phe.* Against the Queene.

*Mar.* O sacred Truth, but thee,  
I haue nor sword, nor armour. *Her.* Utter it.

*Phe.* Since your departure, to my hands she brought  
This fatall Violl ; saying, *Pheroas*,  
Thou art the Kings Cup-bearer ; by my loue  
I charge thee, when his Maiesy shall call  
For wine, giue him this Potion ; tis a draught  
Shall crowne thee with great fortunes : I desir'd  
To know the nature ; shee, with solemne oathes,  
Swore it was nothing but a wholsome drinke,  
Compounded with such Art ; that, tasting it,  
You would doate of her beauty, and become  
A very Slau to her perfections :  
I promis'd to performe it ; yet my feare  
Arguing with my Iudgement, made me try  
The vertue on a Spaniel ; and I found  
It was an odious poyson. *Omnes.* Wonderfull !

*Phe.* After this trial, I demanded then,  
From whom her Highnesse had it : She affirm'd,  
From the Lord *Ioseph* ; but by stricter search,  
I found this Iew was he compounded it.

*Ach.* I doe confess the Queene of Israel  
Commanded me to try my vtmost skill  
In this most strong Confection ; said it was  
To proue the force of Simples : I, her Slau,  
Durst not to disobay her ; yet suspect  
Made me reueale it to this Noble-man.

*Her.* How answer you this Treason ? *Mar.* Silently.

*Her.* Thats a confession. *Mar.* Why, as good be dumbe,  
As speake to eares are glewd vp ; or a faith  
Thats arm'd against beleauing : but (great Sir)  
If either of these open ; then, beleau't,  
Was neuer wrong'd a greater innocence.

*Ios.*

## Herod and Antipater.

*Iof.* Malice hath wrought vpon vs, and oretane  
Our guiltlesse liues with vengeance : Hell it selfe  
Is not more false then these are ; yet, I know,  
Nothing can sauе vs but a Miracle.

*Her.* The guilty euer plead thus ; cursed chance,  
To haue my Ioyes deuoure me : but, tis done ;  
Princes, your eares and Counsels. *Herod whispers with Ant.*

*Q. Alex.* Ha ! is't so, *the Princes and Pheroas.*  
Hath Mischiefe got the Conquest ; then tis time  
To change my disposition, and deceiue  
Those, which would else deceiue me ; in this kinde,  
It skils not whom we iniure, whom we blinde.

*P. Alex.* Sir, of my life all this is counterfeit,  
And this great Diuell inchants you ; for these slaues,  
They speake but what is taught them.

*T. Arift.* On my life,  
Our royall Mother's gui'tlesse ; doe not let  
Their hatefull malice step betweene her life,  
And your most gracious fauour. *Her.* Princely youths,  
Nature and loue deceiues you : wretched things,  
What can you say to stay destruction ?

*Mar.* That w'are the Kings, and none are innocent,  
Vnlesse he please to thinke so. *Q. Alex.* Impudent !  
Is that all thou canst vtter ? Haue I liu'd  
To see thee grow thus odious, to forsake  
The chast imbracements of a royall bed,  
For an incestuous Letcher ; to become  
The Peoples scorne, the honest Matrons curse,  
The Tribes disgrace, and *Israels* obloquy ;  
Nay more, the whole worlds wonder, and a staine  
Nere to be washt off from *Ierusalem* ?  
O mine afflicted honor ! *Kip.* Heere's a change.

*Sal.* A Tempest neuer lookt for.

*Q. Alex.* Packe for shame,  
Runne to thine owne destruction : What, a Whore ?  
A poysoning Whore ? a baudy Murderesse ?  
Nay, more ; a treacherous Strumpet ? O that Heauen  
Had made mine anger Lightning, that it might

Destroy

*The true Tragedy of*

Destroy thee in a moment. *Mar.* Madam, stay ;  
Can your true goodness thinke me culpable ?

*Q. Alex.* Is it not prou'd apparent ?

*Mar.* Then be dumbe,

Be dumbe for euer *Marriam* ; if you thinke  
I can be guilty, who is innocent ?  
Madam, you are my Mother ; O call vp  
Your worst imaginations, all the scapes  
Both of mine Infance, Childhood or ripe yeares,  
And if the smallest shadow in them all  
Betoken such an error, curse me still,  
Let me finde death with horror ; otherwise,  
Silence and patience helpe me. Sir, tis fit  
You plead your owne cause ; I am conquered.

*Ios.* There's but one true Judge ouer *Israel*,  
And hee knowes I am guiltlesse. *Her.* Tis the Plea  
Of every guilty person : *Animis*,  
Conuay those wicked creatures, with your Guard,  
Vnto the market-place, and there in sight  
Of all the people, cause the Hangman take  
Their curst head from their bodies.

*P. Alex.* Stay, great Sir,  
Doe not an act t'amaze all *Israel* ;  
O looke with mercies eyes vpon the *Queene* ;  
The Innocent *Queene* our Mother ; let not Slaues  
Blast her with false reproches ; be a God  
And finde out Truth by Miracle. *Her.* No more.

*T. Arist.* No more ? yes sure, if euery word I speake  
Should naile me to destruction : Mighty Sir,  
Fauour your owne repentance, doe not spill  
The innocent bloud vniustly ; for th'account  
Is heauy as damnation : to your selfe,  
And to your owne, become a *Daniel*.

*Her.* Ile heare no more.

*P. Alex.* O sacred Sir, you must ;  
Vpon my knees I begge compassion ;  
Compassion for my Mother. *T. Arist.* To this ground  
Weele grow eternally ; till you vouchsafe

To grant her mercy; or to giue her Cause  
A larger course of tryall. *Her.* Once againe,  
I charge you to forget her. *P. Alex.* How, forget  
The chait wombe which did beare vs; or the paps  
Which gaue vs sucke? Can there in Nature be  
A Lethargie so frozen? *T. Arift.* Nay, what's more;  
Can we forget her holy Stocke, deriu'd  
From all the blessed Patriarchs, in whom  
You and our selues are glorious? O, dread Sir,  
Haue mercy on her goodnesse. *P. Alex.* Mercy, Sir.

*Her.* How am I vexed with importunity;  
Away to Execution: if againe  
I doe command tis fatall. *T. Arift.* And if we  
Indure it, let vs perish; brother draw, *The Princes draw.*  
And let our good swords guard her: Sir, y'auc broke  
A linke in Natures best chaine; and her death,  
Conuerts vs to your mortall enemies.

*Her.* What; am I braud by Traitors? Villaines, force  
Way to the Execution, or you perish. (you.)

*P. Alex.* Mother, hold life but one houre and wee'l rescue  
*The Princes* force through the guard; *Antipater* drawes & stands  
before *Herod*; all the rest conuey away the Prisoners.

*Alexandra* wringing her hands.

Did euer Kings owne bowels thus become  
The *Typhon* of sedition; or, can't be,  
I could beget these Serpents? Ift be so  
Vnder the *Etna* of their damned pride,  
Ile smoother and consume them. *Ant.* Sir, I know  
Your wisedome such, as can discerne what tis  
At once to feare, to suffer, and to dye,  
By th'hand of sterne ambition; which, ith' end,  
Makes still her habitation like the place  
Where poyson growes, so naked and so bare  
That dust disdaines t'abide there. *Her.* Passing true;  
But Ile root out that vengeance; yet againe,  
When I awake my memory, to looke  
Vpon her sweetnesse, goodnesse, and conceiue,  
That no affaire, no wisedome, or fond zeale,

Which oft attainteth others, could touch her ;  
O then, me thinkes, I might at least haue breath'd,  
Before I had condemn'd her ; Justice should  
Ith darke of these confusions, borne a Torch  
Before Truth and mine anger : but alas,  
Folly and Rashnesse led me ; and I'ue lost  
All my delight at one throw. *Antipater,*  
Goe, run:ne, flye ; O, stay the Execution.

*Ant.* Willingly. Yet please you first to thinke  
Whether the act hurt not your Maiestie ;  
Kings, in these waughty causes, must not play  
At fast and loose ; their wordes are Oracles ;  
And iudgement should pursue them.

*Her.* Good, no more ; goe stay the Execution.

*Ant.* Not on earth is there a man more willing ;  
Yet, when Kings condemne themselues of rashnesse,  
Who can blame contempt to follow after ?

*Her.* Lord to see how time is lost with talking.

*Antip.* I am gone. *Offers to goe and returnes.*  
Yet Sir, beleu't ; the Maiestie which strikes  
Against contempt shall nere recouer it.

*Her.* Yet againe.

*Ant.* Sir, I can vanish quickly ; yet, behold,  
Heere's one can saue my labour. *Enter Pheros.*

*Her.* Speake my Lord ; where is my Queene ?  
O, where's my *Marriam* ? *Phe.* Sir, she is dead.

*Her.* Dead ? Be the world dead with her ; for on earth  
There's no life but her glory : yet declare  
How dyed the wofull Lady ? *Phe.* Like a Saint.  
Like did I say ? O Sir, so farre beyond,  
That neuer Saint came neere her president :  
She did not goe, as one that had beeene led  
To take a violent parting ; but as Fate  
Had in her owne hands thrust her Destiny,  
Saying, or liue or dye : whilste she, that knew  
The one and th'others goodnesse, did agree  
Onely to dye as th'act most excellent.  
Her Mothers bitter railings, all the cries

## *Herod and Antipater.*

Of the amazed People, mou'd not her;  
No not one poore small twinkle of her eye:  
But, with a constancie, that would outface  
The brazen front of terror; she ascendes  
Up to the fatall Scaffold; and but once  
Lookt round about the people: then lifts vp  
Her snow-white hands to Heauen;  
Talkes to it as if she had beene in it: then fals downe  
Vpon her humble knees; which, as they bent,  
You might behold humility retire  
Downe to her heart; and left within her eyes  
Nothing but sweetnesse flaming: whilst vpon  
And round about her, Maiestie did hang,  
And cloath her as a garment: to be briefe,  
Shee tooke the stroke, not as a punishment;  
But a reward; so Saint-like hence she went.

*Her.* Enough, too much; th'ast slaine me *Pheroas*;  
O, I haue lost in her death more true ioyes,  
Then Heauen can giue or, earth is worthy of:  
I am a Traitor to my selfe and loue;  
To Nature, Vertue, Beauty, Excellence;  
I haue destroy'd the whole world; for but her,  
It had no Soule, nor mouing; no delight,  
No triumph, glory, or continuance:  
I cannot liue to lose her; call her backe,  
Or I shall dye complaining. *Ans.* This is strange  
Can the dead be awaken'd? *Her.* Easily Sir,  
My sighes shall breath life in her; and my voyce  
Rouze her, as doth a Trumpet; nay, more lou'd  
Then either winde or Thunder: canst thou thinke  
That I can liue without her; she, to whom  
The whole world was a Theater, where men  
Sate viewing her good actions; she, that had  
As much right vnto Paradise, as Kings  
Have to their Courts and Kingdomes; shee that lent  
Mintage to others beauties; for, none are  
Orgood, or faire, but such as lookt like her:  
Shee, in whose body sweetly was contain'd

The true Tragœy of

Th'Easterne Spicery, the Westerne treasure,  
And all the world holds happy: may it be  
That I can live and want her? or, could I  
With one sad breath destroy her? She, that had  
(In her owne thoughts) read all that ere was writ,  
To better, or instruct vs: Shee, that knew  
Heauen so well on Earth; that, being there,  
Shee finds no more then she did thinke on heere;  
And haue I kild her? She, whose very dreames  
Were more devout then our Petitions;  
Haue I prophan'd that Temple? Fall, O fall  
Downe to the ground and perish; nere looke vp,  
But when or Blastings, Mildewes, Lightenings,  
Or poysonous Serenes strike thee. *Herod*, heere,  
O heere, digge vp thy graue with sorrow.

*Ant.* Fie, tis vnsit Greatnesse should yeeld to passion.

*Her.* Y'are a foole;

He that not mournes for her, will neuer mourne;  
But is worse then the Diuell. *Marriam*,  
O *Marriam*; thou that through the Spheares  
(As through so many golden Beads) hast runne,  
In one poore moment, to felicity;  
Looke downe vpon thy Vassall, methy Slaue,  
And see how much I languish: let thine eye  
Guild my complaints, and cheere my misery.

*Phe.* O roiall Sir, take better comfort;

There was nere on Earth a Creature worth your sorrow.

*Her.* Sir, you lie; deadly and fally; for she doth deserue  
The teares of men and Angels: Shee, O shee,  
Of whom the Ancients prophesied, when first  
They made all Vertues Females; She, that was  
The first and best faire Copie, from whose lines  
The world might draw perfection: She, not worth  
The teares of all that's living? Dulness, goe;  
Packe from my sight for euer: O, 'twas thou,  
Thou that didst make me kill her: hence, auaunt;  
By all that's good or holy; if, from hence  
Thou ere presume to see me, or come neere.

The

## Herod and Antipater.

The place of my abiding; 'tis thy death,  
As certaine as Fate spoke it.

Phe. O my Lord.

Her. Away; reply, and I will kill thee.

Ant. Do not offend him further; vanish Sir. *Exit Pheroas.*

*Enter Animis.*

Ani. To Armes my Lord, to Armes: your Princely Sonnes,  
Attended by the people, stand betweene  
The Towne of *Bethlem* and *Jerusalem*;  
Their Ensignes spread, their Bowes bent, and their Swords  
Wauing like wings of Eagles: Sir, they vow  
Reuenge for their Mothers death.

Her. On whom?

On you, the Citty; but especially,  
Vpon the Prince *Antipater*. Her. No more,  
Th'are angry surges, which with one poore blast,  
Ile make fall to the Center; troubled thoughts,  
Rest till this storme be ouer: happy man,  
Ile make thee tread vpon them; this day shall  
Be thy Coronation; but their Funerall. *Exe. all but Ant.*

Ant. Twas a braue Lesson that *Egyptus* taught,  
And *Cleomenes* wrote religiously:  
*Sinnes safest way to sinne*; *None or alone*; both excellent.  
Yet Herod liues vnwrong'd and vnremou'd.  
The Sonnes of *Oedipus*, in life, nor after death,  
Agreed but once; which was, t'imprison *Oedipus*;  
An act of no small wonder: O, but Boyes,  
Ile mount a world aboue you; t'imprison, is  
Still to haue danger neere me: tut, tis death,  
Death that my aynes doe shooote at: Ile inuent  
What none shall alter: fie, tis nothing worth,  
By Worth, by Birth, by Choyce, by Chance to bee a King;  
But so to climbe I choose, as all may feare and wonder;  
Feare to attempt the like, and wonder how I wrought it;  
Curst be he (in this case) that craues his Fathers blessing;  
My Throane must be my Fathers Monument;  
My Raigne built on his ruine: but how? how? witlesse, how?  
Aske how, and seeke a Crowne? By Poyson, no, by Sword;

The true Tragedy of  
Sword; no, by Subtilty: O Hell awake, awake;  
And once for all instruct me.

Dumbe Shew.

Musique: and, Enter *Miscipsa*, *Iugurth*, *Adherball*, *Hiempall*,  
*Miscipsa* makes them ioyne hands, and giues each a Crowne, and  
departs: then in mounting the tribunall, *Hiempall* and *Adher-*  
*ball* sit close to keepe out *Iugurth*, he diuides them by force,  
*Hiempall* offers to draw, and *Iugurth* stabs him; *Adherball*  
flies and comes in againe with the Roman Senators, they seeme  
to reconcile them; and being departed, *Iugurth* stabs *Adherball*,  
and leavnes at *Antipaters* feete a Scrowle.

O resolute *Iugurth*; what afford'st thou me?  
*Non mordent mortui*; Dead men doe not bite:  
True, noble Bastard: *Iugurth*, in thy light  
Thy Brothers dwelt; O *Iugurth*, so doe mine:  
Thou kild'st them *Iugurth*; *Iugurth*, so must I.  
Thus sing we seuerall Descant on one plain-song, *Kill*:  
Foure parts in one, the Meane excluded quite:  
The Base sings deepeley, *Kill*; the Counter-tenor, *Kill*;  
The Tenor, *Kill*, *Kill*; the Treble, *Kill*, *Kill*, *Kill*:  
In Diapason *Kill* is the Vnison, scauen times redoubled;  
And so oft must I kill: as, first the King,  
(His Wife is past) two Sonnes, two Brethren, and a Sister;  
And thinke not but I can: can; nay, but I will:  
I am no puny in these Documents:  
The Tyger, tasting blood; finds it to sweet to leaue it:  
The Hauke, once made to prey, takes all delight in preying;  
The Virgin, once deflour'd, thinks pleasure to grow cōmon;  
And can I then stop in a middle way?  
Clēze founains, riuers dry; pluck vp the roots bowes perish;  
Banish the Sunne, the Moone and Starre doe vanish:  
And, were it to obscure the world, and spoyle  
Both Man and Beast, Nature, and euery thing;  
Yet would I doo't; and why? I must, and will be King.  
Kingly *Antipater*. *Exit.*

*Josephus*

## Herod and Antipater.

*Josephus* Neuer grew Pride more high, more desperate ;  
Nor euer could the Arrogance of man  
Finde out a Breast more large and spacious :  
But Fate and he must wrestle. Let mee now  
Intreat your worthy Patience, to containe  
Much in Imagination ; and, what Words  
Cannot haue time to vtter ; let your Eyes  
Out of this dumbe Shew, tell your Memories.

Dumbe Shew.

Enter at one dore, with Drums and Colours, *P. Alexander*, and  
*T. Aristobulus*, with their Army ; at another, *Herod* and *Antipater*, with their Army : as they are ready to encounter, Enter  
*Augustus* with his Romans betweene them ; they all cast downe  
their weapons at his feet and kneels ; he raises *Herod* and sets him  
in his Chayre, makes *Alexander* and *Aristobulus* kisse his feet ;  
which done, they offer to assaile *Antipater*, *Herod* steps between,  
*Augustus* reconciles them ; then whispering with *Herod*, *Augustus* takes three Garlands and crownes the three Sonnes, *Herod* placing *Antipater* in the midst, and so all depart, *Antipater*  
using ambitious countenances.

*Josephus* The Sonnes of *Marriam*, hauing met the King,  
Are ready for Encounter ; but are staid  
By th'awe of great *Augustus*, at whose feete  
They cast their Liues and Weapons : hee, with frownes  
Chides the two angry Princes ; yet commands  
The Father to forgiue them ; peace is made :  
Onely against *Antipater* they bend  
The fury of their courage ; which the King  
Withstands and reconciles them : all made sound ;  
*Augustus* giues them Garlands, and installs  
Them equall Captaines ouer *Palestine* :  
But yet *Antipater*, by *Herods* meanes,  
Gets the precedence and Priority :  
How in that throng he iustles ; tis your Eyes,  
And now my Tongue must censure : this we hope  
Our Scale is still assending ; and you'l finde  
Better, and better ; and the Best behinde. *Exit.*

*Finis Actus secunda*

*Act. 3.*

ACT. 3. SCENA. I.

Enter Salumith, and Lym the Mason.

Sal. You must take my directions.

Lym. Any thing your Ladiship will haue me.

Sal. Thou shalt informe his Maiesty; his Sons hired thee, when his Highnes should approach to view the buildings, by seeming chance to throw some stone vpon him, which might crush him to pieces. Do this and thou shalt gaine by't.

Lym. A halter, or some worse thing; for (Madam) the least stone that is employd about the Temple, is 20. Cubits broad, and 8. thicke, and that's able to break a mans necke without a halter.

Sal. No matter.

Lym. Nay, and it be no matter for breaking a neck (though it be an ill Ioynt to set) Ile venter a swearing for't.

Sal. Doe, and liue rich and happy; hold, there's gold.

Lym. Nay, if I can get my liuing by swearing and forswearing; Ile neuer vs'e other occupation. *Enter Hand saw.*

Han. Neighbour Lym; newes, newes, newes.

Lym. What newes, Neighbour Hand saw?

Han. Marry Sir, Charity has got a new coate; for I saw a Beadle iust now whipping-on Statute-lace.

Sal. And what's become of Liberality?

Han. Cry you mercy Lady, faith she went like a Baud at a Carts taile, roaring vp and downe; but her purse was empty.

Sal. Th'art deceiu'd her hand is euer open, And to desert shes free; behold else.

Han. This is more of Liberality, (as you call it) then I haue found, since I began first to build the Temple.

Lym. Or I either. Sal. You shall haue more,

Ile poure it on in showers; performe but my commandments.

Han. Madam, by my Hand saw & Compasse, I will do any thing; say, speake, sweare, and forswear any thing your Ladiship can inuent or purchase. Sal. Hark your ears. *Whisper.*

Han. Hum, ha; pretty, pretty; Ile play my part to a tittle; Neighbour, looke to yours: nay, and Ile doe it presently; for the King is now comming to the Temple, and I came to call you Neighbour; wee'l doe it there.

Lym.

## Herod and Antipater.

*Lym.* What else; a man may bee forsworne in any place, Citty, Court or Country, has no difference.

*Sal.* About it then; be constant wary and y'are fortunate.

*Lym.* Feare vs not, if you want any more to be forsworne, giue me your money, Ile preffe a dozen Tradesmen shall doe it as well as any Scribe in all *Jerusalem*.

*Han.* I or Publican either. *Sal.* Away then. *Exe. Lym.* Thus catch we hearts with gold; thus Spiders can & *Han.* Poyson poore Flyes, and kill the innocent man.

*Enter Antipater with a Letter, and Animis.*

*Ani.* Be swift as Lightning; for the cause requires it: Such paper-plots are inuisible Goblins; Pinching them most, which doe least iniury.

Y are arm'd with full instructions. *Ani.* Sir, I am.

*Ant.* Your Letters are *Chrysanders*, and not mine.

*Ani.* I know it well.

*Ant.* Away then, outflye Eagles; yet Sir, harke; Carry your Countnance wisely, seeme to be A Saint in thy deliuery. *Ani.* Sir, your care Makes you too curious; feare me not. *Exit Animis.*

*Ant.* Within there.

*Enter Hilus.*

*Hil.* Did your Excellence call?

*Ant.* I did; what, is your Lesson got?

*Hil.* My Lord, vnto a sillable; my tonguc hath poyson for your purpose, and I am Confirm'd in euery circumstance.

*Ant.* The time, (at night;) the place, (the Bed-chamber;) The manner, (arm'd;) the instruments, (their Swords.)

*Hil.* Tut, this is needless; Sir, my Quality Needs not a twice instruction.

*Ant.* Nobly said; hold, there's gold.

*Hil.* This is a good periwader; right or wrong, Treasure will make the dumbe man vse his tongue.

*Ant.* True; tis the sicke mans Balme, the Vlurers Pledge, And indeed all mens Masters; goe away, *Exit Hilus.* The tyme's ripe for thy purpose; thus these Slaues Runne post to Hell for shadowes; ha, *Salumith*: O my best Aunt and Mistris; y'are well met:

Neuer were times so tickle ; nor, I thinke,  
Stood innocence in more danger: would my life  
Were lost, to thrtust feares from you.

*Sal.* VVhy, Princely Nephew, I'ue no cause to feare.

*Ant.* Tis well you are so arm'd ; indeed, a life  
So good as yours, free, and religious,  
Thinkes not on feare, or ill mens actions :  
Yet Madain, still your state is slippery ;  
Belieue it while the'e Princes doe furuiue,  
And dreame how you accus'd the Mother-Queene,  
They still will practise 'ginst you. *Sal.* Yes, and you ;  
The High-Priests death, and *Marriams Tragedy*,  
VVill be obiect'd 'ginst you. *Ant.* Tis confess ;  
VV'are both marks of their vengeance. *Sal.* Yet so farre  
Beyond them, Ile not feare them ; heere's my hand,  
I'ue markt them for destruction : since our fates  
Haue equall danger ; tis no reason but  
They doe inioy like triumph ; once againe,  
Belieue it, they are sinking. *Ant.* Nobly said,  
Mirror of Women, Angell, Goddesse, Saint.

*Enter Tryphon the Barber, with a Case of Instruments.*

*Sal.* Peace, no more ; heere comes mine Instrument.

*Ant.* What, this ; the Kings Barber, your doting Amorite ?

*Sal.* The same, obserue him.

*Try.* O blessed Combe ; thou spotlesse Iuory,  
With which my Mistris *Salumith* once daind  
To combethe curious felters of her hayre,  
And lay each threed in comely equipage ;  
Sleepe heere in peace for euer ; let no hand  
(But mine henceforth) be euer so adacious,  
Or daring as to touch thee.

*Ant.* Pittifull foole, goe sleepe, or thoult runne inadels.

*Try.* Sizers, sweet Sizers ; sharpe, but gentle ones ;  
That once did cut the Locks of *Salumith* ;  
Making them in humility hang downe  
On either side her cheeke, as 'twere to guard  
The Roses, that there flourish : O, goe rest,  
Rest in this peacefull Case ; and let no hand

Of mortall race prophane you. *Ant.* Scoote, the Skauē  
Will begger himselfe with buying new Instruments.

*Sal.* O tis a piece of strange Idolatry.

*Try.* Tooth-pick, deare Tooth-pick; Eare-pick, both of you  
Haue beene her sweet Companions; with the one  
I'ue seene her picke her white Teeth; with the other  
Wriggle so finely worme-like in her Eare;  
That I haue wisht, with enuy, (pardon me)  
I had beene made of your condition:  
But tis too great a blessing.

*Ant.* What, to be made a Tooth-picke?

*Sal.* Nay, youle spoyle all, if you interrupt him.

*Try.* Salumish, O Salumish;

When first I saw thy golden Lockes to shine,  
I brake my glasse; needing no Face, but thine:  
When at those corall Lips, I was a gazer;  
Greedy of one sweet touch, I broke my Razor:  
When to thy Cheekes, thou didst my poore Eyes call;  
Away flew Sizers, Bason, B'alls and all:  
On y the Crisping-Irons I kept most deare;  
To doe thee service heere and euery where.

*Sal.* Not euery where good *Triphon*, some place still  
Must be referu'd for other purposes.

*Try.* Bright Go-o-o-delse. *Sal.* Well proceede;  
What, at a stand? has true loue got the power,  
To strike dumbe such a nimble wit?

*Ant.* Cry hem, pluck vp thy heart man? what, a polling  
shauing Squire, and strucke dead with a woman?

*Sal.* Nothing so, he does but mocke, he loues not *Salumish*.

*Try.* Not loue you Lady? O strange blasphemy!

*Ant.* Faith, what wouldst thou do now but for a kisse of her

*Try.* What would I do? what not? O any thing. (hand.

Ile number all those Hayres my Sizers cut,  
And dedicate those Numbers to her Shrine;  
A Breath more loathsome then the Stench of *Nile*,  
Ile rectifie, and, for her sake, make pleasant;  
A Face more black then any *Ethiope*,  
Ile scourē as white as Siluer; to attaine

But onē touch of her finger, I'de beget  
Things beyond wonder ; stab, poyson, kill,  
Breake mine owne necke, my friends, or any mans.

*Sal.* Spoke like a daring seruant ; harke thine eare ;  
Doe this and haue thy wishes. *They whisper.*

*Try.* What, but this ?

*Ant.* No more beleue it : why, tis nothing man ;  
Only, it asks some seriousnes and Art,  
By which to moue the King, and gaine beleefe.

*Try.* But shall I haue a kisse from that white hand,  
Which gripes my heart within it ?

*Sal.* Sir, you shall ; tis there, pay your deuotion.

*Try.* Then by this kisse Ile do it ; hene kisse *Kisses her  
hand.*  
There's resolution in thee, and I'm fixt

To doe it swiftly, quickly ; from my lip  
Thy sweet taste shall not part, till I haue spoke  
All that your wishes looke for : boast of this ;  
Y'au'e bought two Princes liues with one poore kisse. *Exit.*

*Ant.* Spoke like a noble Seruant. *Sal.* Nephew, true ;  
Let him and's follies wrestle ; from their birth  
We will bring out our safeties ; Villaines, we know  
Are sometimes Stilts, on which great men must goe.

*Enter Herod with his sword drawne, in his other hand a Letter,  
driving before him P. Alexander, and Y. Aristobulus, Animis,  
Hillus, Lime and Hadsaw following Herod ; Antip.*

*Steps betweene Herod and the Princes.*

*P. Alex. Y. Arist.* Sir, as y'are royll, heare vs.

*Her.* Villaines, Traytors, Vipers. *Ant.* In the name  
Of goodnesse and of good men ; what hand dare  
Be rais'd against his Soueraigne ? Gracious Sir,  
Let not your rage abuse you ; there's none heere  
That your word cannot slaughter. *Her.* Giue me way ;  
Shall my owne blood destroy me ? that I gaue  
Ile sacrifice to Iustice. *P. Alex.* Yet Sir, hold.  
Heare but our innocent answere. *Y. Arist.* If we proue  
Guilty, let tortures ceaze vs. *Sal.* O my Lord,  
Tis a becomming Iustice ; heare them speake.

*Her.* What Villaines that are arm'd against me ?

*Sal.*

*Sal.* Tis not so ; Nephewes, deare Nephewes,  
Throw at his Highnes feete, these ill becomming weapons ;  
In this case, they doe not guard but hurt you.

*P. Alex.* We obey ; and, with our weapons offer vp our liues,  
To haue our cause but heard indifferently.

*T. Arift.* Sir, there's no greater innocence on earth  
Iniur'd then our allegiance : let but truth  
Accuse vs in a shadow ; spare vs not.

*Her.* But truth accuse you ? O strange impudence !  
Th'art not of Brasse, but Adamant : seest thou this,  
This man you hir'd with stone to murder me ;  
This man with timber ; both you wrought to staine  
The sacred building with soule Paricide. Is not this true ?

*Lym. Han.* Most true ( my Lord ) wee will both bee for-  
sworne vnto it.

*P. Alex.* Falshood, th'art grown a mighty one, when these ;  
These Slaues shall murder Princes. *Her.* No, not these  
Your vilde acts doe destroy you : Speake, my Lord ;  
Did not you see these in the dead of nighr,  
Arm'd with their weapons, watch at my Chamber doore,  
Intending to assault me ? *Hil.* Tis most true ;  
And had I not with threats and some exclaimes  
Remou'd them, you had perisht. *Ant.* Wonderfull.

*P. Alex.* O truth, for shame awaken ; this Slaue will  
Exile thee from all Mankinde. *Her.* What, doth this  
Bristle your guilty spirits ? No, Ile come  
Neerer vnto your Treasons ; heer's your hands,  
Your own hands, most vnnaturall : Sister, see ;  
See, mine *Antipater* ; ( for I know, you both  
Are perfect in their hands and Characters )  
This Letter did they traitrously conuey  
Vnto *Chrysander*, which commands our Powers,  
And Conquests won in *Greece* ; inciting him  
To breake his firme allegiance, and to ioyne  
His strength with theirs, to worke our ouerthrow.  
Speake, our Centurion ; did not you receiue  
This Letter from *Chrysander* ?

*Ani.* My Lord, I did.

*Her.* And that it is their owne hands, witnesse you ;  
And you; and all that know them.

*Sal.* I am strooke dumbe with wonder; I should sweare  
This were your own hands Nephews. *Ant.* By my hopes;  
If it be false, tis strangely counterfeit ;  
The Slaue that did it had a cunning hand,  
And neere acquaintance with you: but, deare Sir,  
It shall be gracious in you to conceiue  
The best of thei're misfortunes : who, that knowes  
The world, knowes not her mischieues ; and how Slaues  
Are euer casting Mines vp ; for my part,  
(Though there's no likelihood) I will suppose,  
This is, and may be counterfeit. *Sal.* And so will I.

*Her.* But neuer I, it is impossiible.

*P. Alex.* Sir, I beseech you, howsoere you lose  
The force of Nature, or the touch of blood ;  
Lose not the vse of Iustice ; that should liue,  
When both the rest are rotten : all these proofes  
Are false as Slander, and the wo ke hew'd out  
Only by malice ; when w'are tane away,  
Tis you your selfe next followes : why alasse,  
We are your Armour ; he that would strike home,  
And hit you soundly, must vnbuckle vs.

*T. Arist.* Besides Sir, please you either send, or call  
*Chrysander* home (whom we haue euer held,  
A noble, free, and worthy Gentleman)  
And, if he doe accuse vs ; we will throw  
Our liues to death with willingnesse ; nay more,  
Plead guilty to their Slanders. *Ant.* In my thoughts  
This is a noble motion ; heare them Sir.

*Sal.* It will renowne your patience ; Sacred Sir,  
Let me begge for my Nephewes ; you haue said  
You tooke delight to heare me ; heare me now.

*Ant.* S'foote, y'are too earnest, and will spoyle vs all ;  
Begge with a scury cold Parenthesis  
Sir, (though I know, in this case, minutes are  
Irrecoverable losses) yet, you may  
(Ift please you) grant them their Petition.

*Her.*

## Herod and Antipater.

*Her.* I'm resolu'd,

*Enter Tryphon.*

*Chrysander* shall be sent for: ha, how now?

Why star'st thou? why art breathlesse? *Try.* O my Lord,  
My gracious Lord, heare me; I must disclose  
A treason foule and odious: these your Sonnes,  
Your Princely Sonnes, chiefly Prince *Alexander*,  
By fearefull threats, and golden promises,  
Haue labour'd me, that when I should be cald,  
To trim your Highnesse beard, or cut your hayre;  
I then should lay my Razor to your throat,  
And send you hence to Heauen. *Ant.* *Sal.* O vnnaturall!

*Her.* Villaine, speake this againe.

*P. Alex.* *T. Arist.* Villaine, speak truth, feare Iudgement!

*Try.* Briefly Sir, Prince *Alexander*, and *Aristobulus*  
Offer'd me heapes of gold to cut your throat,  
When I should trim or shau'e you. *Her.* From which, thus  
Mine owne hand shall secure me; villaine, die, *stabs Tryph.*  
That knew'st a way to kill me; and henceforth,  
What Slaue foever dare to fill mine eare  
With tales of this foule nature, thus shall perish;  
Ile not be tortur'd liuing: where's my Guard?  
Handle those treacherous young men; and, with cordes,  
Strangle them both immedately. *P. Alex.* Sir, O Sir.

*T. Arist.* Heare vs; but heare vs. *Her.* Neuer, I am deafe;  
Villaines, that hatch such execrable thoughts,  
Vnfit for noble spirits, shall not breath:  
Dispatch I say; for vnto time Ile raise  
Such Trophées of Seuerity; that he  
Which reads your Story with a bloody thought,  
Shall tremble and forfake it. *P. Alex.* Yet that man  
Seeing your Rigor, and our Innocence,  
Shall turne his feare to pitty, and condemne  
The malice of your rashnesse: Sir, to dye  
Thus, as we doe, not guilty, is a death,  
Of all, most blest, most glorious; for, it is  
To braue death, not to feele it; and this end  
Reuiues vs, but not kils vs. *T. Arist.* Brother, true;  
Let me imbrace thy goodnesse; for I know,

The

The true Tragedy of

The last gaspe of a death thus innocent,  
Hath no paine in it ; and w'are sure to finde  
Sweetnesse ith' shortnesse, all content of minde.

Her. Pull, and dispatch them.

They strangle  
the Princes.

Ant. This was well contriu'd.

Sal. An act worth imitation. Ant. O, mighty Sir,  
You haue done Justice brauely, on your head  
Depends so many heads, and on your life  
The liues of such abundance ; that, beleeu't,  
Acts and Consents must not alone be fear'd ;  
But Words and Thoughts ; nay very Visions,  
In this case must be punish't : Ancient times,  
(For Princes safeties) made our Dreames our Crimes.

Her. Tis true; and I am resolute to run a Course,  
T'affright the proud'st Attempter ; goe, conuay  
Those bodies vnto Buriall : Antipater,  
Come neere me man ; th'art now the only branch  
Left of this aged Body ; which, howere  
Disdaind, for want of grafting ; yet, He now  
Make thee the chiefe, the best, and principall.  
It is our pleasure, that with winged speed,  
Forthwith you passe to *Rome* ; and, in our name,  
Salute the great *Augustus* ; say, that age, grieve,  
And some naturall sicknesse, hauing made  
My minde vnsit for Gouvernment ; I craue,  
He would confirme thee in the Royalty :  
Which granted, I will instantly giue vp  
To thee and to thy goodnesse, all I hold ;  
Either in Crowne, or Greatnesse. Ant. Gracious Sir.

Her. Doe not crosse my commandment ; for I know  
Thy sweet and modest temper : but away ;  
Fly in thy happy iourney ; I prefage,  
Those which did hate my Youth, will loue mine Age. Exit.

Sal. Heeres a braue change, sweet Nephew; can you flye  
Above the pitch you play in ? Ant. No, sweet Aunt ;  
Nor in my flight will leaue you, could I shoote  
Through Heauen, as through the ayre ; yet would I beare  
Thy goodnesse euer with me : how ere I rise,

Tis

## Herod and Antipater.

Tis you alone shall rule *Jerusalem*.

*Sal.* No, tis *Antipater*; goe, be fortunate:  
I'ue other plots in working. *Ant.* So haue I:  
The Kings death and her owne; till that be done,  
Nothing is perfect; th'halfe way is but runne.

Ha! who's this? the noble *Pheroas*? *Enter Pheroas sickly.*  
What chance makes my deare Vnkle droope thus?  
Doe not giue way to your discontentment.

*Phe.* Pardon me, it is become my Maister; spacious mindes  
Are not like little bosomes; they may presse  
And crush disgraces inward; but the great,  
Giues them full Field to fight in; and each stroke  
Contempt doth strike is mortall. *Sal.* Say not so;  
You may finde reparation. *Phe.* Tell me where;  
Not vpon earth; when reputation's gone,  
Tis not in Kings to bring her backe againe:  
I am a banisht out-cast, and what's more,  
The scorne of those gaze on me: but a day  
Will come, of Visitation, when the King  
May wish these foule deeds vndone. *Ant.* Come, no more  
W'are partners in your sorrowes; and how ere  
The King doth yet smile on vs, we know well  
The word of any Peasant hath full power  
To turne vs topsy turuy. *Phe.* Are you there?  
Nay, then you haue got feeling. *Sal.* Sensibly,  
And feare, and will preuent it.

*Enter Achitophel singing, and Disease.*

*Ach.* Come buy you lusty Gallants  
These Simples which I sell;  
In all our dayes were neuer seene like these,  
For beauty, strength, and smell:  
Here's the King-cup, the Paunce, with the Violet,  
The Rose that loues the shower,  
The wholsome Gilliflower,  
Both the Cowslip, Lilly,  
And the Daffadilly;  
With a thousand in my power.

H

Why

THE VVIE STRUGGLEY OF  
Why where are all my Customers? none come buy  
Of the rare Iew that sels eternity?

*Dis.* Indeed Maister I'm of your minde; for none of your  
Drugges but sends a man to life everlasting.

*Ach.* Peace knaue I say, here's in this little thing

A Iewell prizelesse, worthy of a King:

If any man so bold dare bee,  
Vnseene, vnkownne to coape vwith me,  
And giue the price which I demand;  
Heere's treasure worth a Monarchs Land.

*Ant.* Harke how the Mountebanke sets out his ware.

*Phe.* O, tis a noble Braggard; two dry'd frogs,  
An ownce of Rats-bane, grease and Staues-aker,  
Are all his ingredients. *Ant.* Peace for shame,  
Haue Charity before you; harke, obserue. *Achit. Sings.*

*Ach.* Here's golden Amaranthus,

That true Loue can prouoke;

Of Horehound store, and poysoning Elebore,

With the Polipode of the Oake:

Here's chaste Veruine and lustfull Eringo,

Health-preseruing Sage,

And Rue, which cures old Age;

With a world of others,

Making fruitfull Mothers:

*All these attend mee as my Page.*

Come buy, come buy, vnkownne, vnsene,  
The best that is, or ere hath beeene:

He that, not asking what, dare coape,  
May buy a wealth past thought, past hope.

Come buy, Come buy, &c.

*Dis.* Maister, faith giue mee leaue to make my Proclamation too, though not in rime; yet in as vnsensible meeter as may be.

If the Diuell any man prouoke,  
To buy's owne mischefe in a poake;  
Or else, that hood-winckt he would climbe  
Vp to the Gallowes ere his time;

## Herod and Antipater.

If fooles would learne how to conway  
Their friends the quite contrary way ;  
Come to my Maister, they shall haue  
Their wish; for hee's a crafty knaue.

*Ach.* Sirrah, y'are saucy.

*Dis.* Fitter for your dish of knauery.

*Ant.* How now *Achitophel*; what's this curious drugge  
You make such boast of; may not I question it?

*Ach.* By no meanes Sir; he that will purchase this,  
Must pitch and pay; but aske no questions.

*Ant.* Not any? *Ach.* No, not any; doe you thinke  
Perfection needs Encomiums?

*Dis.* O my Lord, you may take my Maisters word at all  
times; for, being a Phisician, hee's the onely best meinber  
in a Common-wealth.

*Sal.* How proue you Physitians the best members?

*Dis.* Because Madam, without them the world would in-  
crease so fast, that one man could not liue by another.

*Ant.* Go to, y'are a mad knaue: but come *Achitophel*,  
How prize you this rich Jewell? If t be fit  
Only for Kings; tis for *Antipater*.

*Ach.* The price is, two thousand Drachmas.

*Ant.* Once Ile proue mad for my priuate pleasure,  
There's your price; giue me the Jewell;  
Now it's bought & sold, you may disclose the full perfection.

*Ach.* There's reason for t my Lord, then know y'aue here  
The strongest quickest killingst poysón, which  
Learning or Art ere vtter'd; for one drop  
Kils sooner then a Canon; yet so safe  
And free from all suspition, that no eye  
Shall see or swelling, pustule, or disease,  
Rage or affrighting torment: but as death were  
Kissing and not killing, hence they goe  
Wrapt vp in happy Slumbers.

*Ant.* Tis enough;  
Goe, and as Art produces things like these,  
Let me heare from you.

*Ach.* The Jew is all your Creature.

*Exit Ach.*  
*Dis.*

*Dis.* Though ( my Lord ) I did not trouble my braines,  
yet I bestir'd my stumps ere this worke was brought to passe;  
I know the waight of the Pestle and Morter, and though  
my hands lost some leather; yet they found labour worthy  
your Lordships remembrance.

*Ant.* O, I vnderstand you, goe, there's gold. *Exit Dis.*  
Now my best Aunt and Vnkle, see you this;  
Heeres but a little substance; yet a strength  
Able to beare a Kingdome every way:  
This shall bring safety to vs, and conduct  
*Herod* the way to Heauen: Vnkle you  
Shall take it to your keeping; and as I  
Direct you by my Letters, so imploy it;  
How ere stormes yet hang ore vs, you shali finde,  
I haue a Deity can calme the winde.

*Gives Pheroas  
the Poyson.*

*Sal.* Th'art excellent in all things; keepe thy way:  
What we admire, that we must obey. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus tertiae.*

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Act. 4. Scena. 1.

Enter *Alexandra*, and her Euenuch.

*Q. Alex.* But is it ce taine *Pheroas* is so sicke,  
As Rumor doth giue out? *Eue.* Madam, he is;  
Nor hath he euer since his Banishment  
Cast vp his heauy count'rance. *Q. Alex.* Tis most strange;  
But iudgement still pursues him; yet Ile call  
And visit his affliction; for although  
His vvords accus'd my *Marriam*; tis his sinne  
Not person, that I envy. *Eue.* Madam, here comes his Lady.

*Q. Alex.* O, you are wel' encounter'd; I am sad *Ent. Adda.*  
That fadnesse thus afflicts you.

*Ad.* I'm bound vnto your goodnesse.

*Q. Alex.* How fares your noble Husband?

*Ad.* Desperately ill;  
Hisicknelle Madam rageth like a Plague,  
Once hotted, neuer cured; tis his minde

That

## Herod and Antipater.

That doth afflict his body ; and that warre  
Quickly brings on destruction.

*Q. Alex.* Whence should proceed these Passions ?

*Ad.* All I can gather is his Banishment,  
Which, drawing something to his Conscience,  
Makes euery thing more mortall.

*Q. Alex.* Advice and sufferance is a ready cure  
For these distempered passions ; and inight I  
But see him, I would boldly tender them.

*Ad.* Your Highnesse may ; for now he's comming forth  
To change the ayre, not his affliction.

*Enter Pheroas sick in a Chayre.*

*Phe.* Leaue me, O leaue me to my selfe, that I may thinke  
Vpon the tedious houres I'ue yet to liue.  
O, what a Iourney hath that man to Heauen,  
Whose Conscience is opprest with iniury ;  
Sinne, like so many Pullies hanging by,  
To draw the Soule still downward: *Herod*; O *Herod*.

*Q. Alex.* Ha, what's this ? fure I must sound him deeper:  
How fare you Sir ?

*Phe.* O Madam, Madam; I am full of miseries.

*Q. Alex.* Discou're with Patience; she will comfort you.

*Phe.* Patience? there is a worme hath bitten Patience off;  
And, being entred, sucks my vitalls vp.

*Herod*, loath'd *Herod*: O credulous *Pheroas* !

*Q. Alex.* Why doe you call on *Herod* ?

*Phe.* Nothing now :

Was't not a strange thing, that he kild his Wife ?

*Q. Alex.* Who doe you meane, *Marriam* ?  
Indeed t'was easily done ; but soundly sworne to.

*Phe.* O, I feele a dagger.

*Q. Alex.* Let not her name offend you ; she deseru'd  
A death more horrid, and her end vvas iust :  
O *Pheroas*, I hated her for that Act  
More then the Sciech-Owle day; and vwould my selfe  
Haue beene her Executioner ; had not Law  
Stept in twixt me and anger.

*Phe.* O Madam, y'are deceiu'd ; merely decei'n'd :

## The true Tragedy of

I haue a Conscience tells me otherwise,  
O my sinnes leue, torment me not within,  
Nor raise this strange rebellion: harke, they cry  
Iudgement vpon a wretch; that wretch am I.

*Q. Alex.* This sauors of distraction.

*Phe.* A Hall, a hall; let all the deadly sinnes  
Come in and here accuse me: Ile confess,  
Truth must no longer be obscure: why so,  
All things are now prepar'd; the Judge is set,  
And wrangling Pledgers buzzing in his eares,  
Makes Babel no confusion.

*Q. Alex.* Whom doe you see Sir?

*Phe.* Feare and a guilty Conscience; nay, what's more,  
See where proud *Herod* and pale *Enuy* sits;  
*Poore Marriam* standing at the Barre of death,  
And her Accuser *I*, falsly opposing her.

*Ad.* Let not your passion worke thus.

*Q. Alex.* Giue him leue; Passion abates by venting.

*Eue.* This is strange meditation.

*Phe.* I doe confess before the Mercy-seate  
Of Men and Angels, I slew *Marriam*;  
'Twas I accus'd her falsly, I subornd,  
Strucke her toth' heart with Slander; but her foes  
Shall follow after when the Hubbub comes  
And ouertakes me downward, downe below,  
In Hell amongst the damned. *Q. Alex.* Gentle Sir,  
Name them which thus seduc'd you.

*Phe.* Pardon mee,

I dare not, nor I may not; you may guelſe,  
Their Characters are easie; for my ſelfe,  
Let mine owne shame ſleepe with me; I confess,  
*Marriam* was chafte as faire, all good, all vertuous.

*Q. Alex.* But yet, ſhee's dead.

*Phe.* So are my Joyes and comforts: O, till now  
I had cleane lost my ſelfe; and as a man  
Left in a Wilderneſe, findes out no path  
To carry him to ſafety; ſo was I.  
Distract, till this was vtter'd.

*Q. Alex.*

*Liberum in se unquam puerum.*

*Q. Alex.* You haue divulg'd a Mystery, whose truth  
Shall sprinkle blood through all *Jerusalem*.

*O me, poore innocent Marriam,* let thy soule  
Looke downe on my reuengement ; for thy sake,  
I will forget all Greatnesse ; faith I will.

Sir, I doe wish you may dye happy now ;  
Your free confession is a Sacrifice.

*Phe.* Madam, I thank you ; and belieu't for truth,  
The hurly burly which but late I had  
Is now appeas'd ; Truth's a braue Secretary.  
I cou'l not rest before ; yet now I feele  
A calmenesse overspread me ; and my minde,  
Like a decayed Temple new adorn'd,  
Shewes, as it were was sullied.

*Q. Alex.* Y'are happy Sir.

*Phe.* Madam, I am ; for, with this peace of minde,  
I finde my breath decaying ; yet before  
I take this long last Journey, one thing more  
I must disclose ; then, all is perfittred.

Wife, reach me the Violl standing in my Study,  
Of which I was so carefull, and did binde  
Your selfe by Oath to looke to : goe, away ; *Exit Adda.*  
Tis a new birth that Villany vvould bring forth.

*Eue.* More mischieves yet in hatching ?

*Q. Alex.* These actions leade you on to happinesse ;  
And for the penitent man, remission stands  
Ready to fold him in her Christall armes :  
Yet noble *Pheroas*, make me so much blest,  
To know vvho plotte ! *Marriam's Tragedy*.

*Phe.* Name it no more ; ope not my vvound afresh ;  
Least, in th'incision, I should bleed to death :  
I haue too much vpon me ; adde to Fire,  
Not Oyle, but Water ; Seas will not raise his care,  
Whose ship lies landed on the hill Despaire.

*Ad.* Sir, here's the Violl.

*Enter Adda.*

*Phe.* Here's a little Compasse ; but a mighty sound :  
And in this little Thimble, lies strange Villany.  
Madam, twas once prepared for the King ;

And

And he from me deseru'd it ; not from him  
That bought it to destroy him : but I le shew  
Mercy to my Tormenters. *Q. Alex.* And those deeds  
Argue a pious Nature. *Phe.* If they doe ;  
Then thus I will expresse them : Wife, by all  
The ties that I can challenge, or intreate  
By oath, by faith, by loue and loyall duty,  
I binde thee keepe this glasse till I be dead ;  
But, once departed, spill it on the ground,  
Where nere treads liuing Creature ; and (though vrg'd)  
Deny thou euer sawst it ; yea, though death  
Be threatned to confesse it : this perform'd,  
My peace is made with all things.

*Ad.* By all the Bonds of loue and faith I will.

*Phe.* Then *Herod* doe thy vworst ; I am beyond  
The reach of all thine enuy ; peace dwels heere ;  
And quiet Slumber sits vpon mine eyes :  
I haue no Racks nor Batteries now vwithin,  
As earst I had when I vvas troubled :  
My nummed feete which late so leaden were,  
I could not stand nor walke ; haue now such vvarmth,  
That I can trauell vnto Paradise ;  
And, vwith spread armes, incircle mercy to me :  
I that accus'd the Queene, accuse my selfe,  
And on her Altar lay my bleeding heart ;  
Where I haue found such mercy in my truth,  
That *Marriams* selfe hath got me happy pardon :  
For vwhich deare Sweet I thanke thee : now I come,  
My life hath runne it's Circle, and's come round ;  
Mount Soule to Heauen ; sinke sins vnto the ground. *Dies.*

*Ad.* O, he is gone, his life is withered :  
What shall become of me ? I'm lost for euer.  
My Lord, my Husband ; O, my *Pheroas* ;  
Lift vp those eyes, they are too soone obscur'd  
From her, that as her life did tender thee.

*Q. Alex.* Haue patience ; tis a fruitlesse Dialogue,  
Since to the dead you speake ; withdraw him hence,  
His Conscience is vnburthened, he secure

## Herod and Antipater.

On his long Journey wander'd ; and beleev'r,  
The causers of his woe shall follow him ;  
By all that's good they shall ; second me Fate,  
And let reuenge once murder cruel hate. *Exit Alex. & Ad.*

*Eu.* No, Ile preuent you, *Salumith* shall know,  
All your designes, and how your actions goe. *Exit Eunuch.*

*Enter Herod Niraleus, Animis, Hillus, and Attendants.*

*Her.* Where is *Niraleus* ? what, haue you tane suruey  
Of all the holy Building ? May't be said,  
*Herod* in it hath out-gone *Salomon* ?

*Nir.* Dread Sir, it may : nay and so farre out-gone,  
As Sunshine petty Starre-light. *Her.* Come discourse  
The manner of the Building. *Nir.* Briefly thus,  
The Temple which King *Salomon* set vp,  
In honor of the God of *Israel*,  
(Being by your great Mightiness defac'd)  
Is thus by you restor'd. The generall Frame,  
In height, in breadth, in length, is euery way  
Fully an hundred Cubits ; and besides,  
Twenty lies hid in the Foundation :  
The matter is white Marble ; euery Stone  
Twelue Cubits broad, and eight ith' outward part ;  
So curiously contriu'd, that not a hayre  
Differs in all the Building : euery Gate  
Is clos'd in gold, and so enchaist and set  
With precious Stones ; that neuer, till this day,  
Saw mortall man so rich a Jewelry :  
The Tops and Thresholds, Siluer ; and each Barre  
Studded with knobs of shining Diamonds. *Close to the holy Building, stands a Court*  
Of square Proportion ; euery way stretcht out  
Seauen hundred and twenty Cubits : all the Wall  
Is made of massie Siluer, and adornd  
With Pillars of white Marble ; from whose base  
To th' top are forty Cubits ; and thereon  
Mounted such curious Walkes and Galleries,  
That thence you may behold the Fishes dance  
Within the Riuier *Cedron* : all the Floore

The true Tragacy of

Is pau'd with Marble, Touch, and Iuory ;  
And on the golden Gate, is finely wrought  
A flaming Sword ; which, by Inscription,  
Threats death to all dare enter. *Her.* What's within ?

*Nir.* Within this Court, is fram'd a curious Vine  
Of perfect Gold ; the Body and large Armes,  
Of shining Gold, brought from *Arabia* :  
The Sprayes and lesser Branches, are compact  
Of *Ophy*, Gold ; more red and radiant :  
The Tops and Twines, whereon the Clusters hang,  
Are yellow Gold ; wrought in *Affyria* :  
The Fruit it selfe is Christall ; and so ioynd,  
That when the Sunne looks on them, they reflect  
And vary in their colours feuerall wayes,  
According to their Obiects. To conclude ;  
Such Art, such Wealth, and Wonder in the Frame  
Is ioynd and wed together ; that the World  
Shall neuer see it equal'd : but this Truth  
Shall still hang on it as a Prophesie :  
Blush Art and Nature ; none below the Sunne  
Shall cuer doe what *Herod* now hath done.

*Her.* Enough, th'ast giuen me satisfaction ; and forthwith,  
In solemne wise Ile haue it consecrate  
Vnto the God of *Israel* : how now ;  
Why comes our Sister thus amazedly.

Enter *Salumith*, and the *Eunuch*.

*Sal.* Sir, I beseech you, for your royll health,  
And for the Kingdomes safety, you'l be pleas'd  
To heare this *Eunuch* speake ; and howsoere  
Yau'e vow'd no more to heare Conspiracies :  
Yet Sir, in this regard him ; and admit,  
He may make knowne what may endanger you.

*Her.* Whence is the *Eunuch* ? *Sal.* Belonging to *Alexandra*. I

*Her.* Let him speake freely.

*En.* It pleas'd my Lady Sir, this other day,  
(Hearing how desperately strong sicknesse rag'd  
Vpon Prince *Pheras*) for some speciall cause  
To goe and visite him ; she found him pain'd,

Both

## Herod and Antipater.

Both in his minde and body ; vttering forth  
Many distracted Speeches ; some against  
Your Highnesse person, most against himselfe ;  
Saying, he had maliciously accus'd  
The late Queene most vniustly : in the end,  
He makes his Lady from his Study bring  
A Violl fild with Poyson ; saying, this  
Was for the King prepared ; and by those  
That had leaft cause to hurt him : vwhen he had  
View'd it, and shew'd the venome ; he bequeathes  
The Violl to his Lady ; giues her charge  
Of safe and curious keeping , till his eyes  
Were clos'd in death for euer ; but, that done,  
To cast it forth and spill it on the ground,  
Where none that liues might know it : this scarle spoke,  
His Soule forlakes his Body ; but the Glasse  
My Lady, and his sad Wife doth preserue,  
I feare, for your destruction ; *Marriams Soule*  
Hath strong reuengement promis'd. *Her.* Tis enough ;  
Th'ast told me likely danger : *Hillus* with  
Your Guard attach the Wife of *Pheroas* ;  
Then search the house ; and whatloere you finde  
Like Poyson, see you bring me : *Animis*,  
With your Guard ceaze my Mother ; goe, away ;  
Be carefull, & be happy. *An.* Doubt vs not. *Ex. An. & Hil.*

*Her.* Still shall I thus be hunted, and compel'd  
To turne head on mine owne blood ? Is there left  
Nothing to guard me but my Cruelty ?  
Then let my Passion conquer and keepe downe  
All Mercy from appearing. *Sal.* Sir, twill be  
A royll Iustice in you : who not knowes  
The *Lybian* Lyons never dare approach  
The walls wheron their spoiles hang ; Wolues we see  
Fly from the sound of those Drums, which we know  
Are headed with their owne Skins : Sir, beleeu't,  
Seuerity brings safety. *Her.* Tis most true,  
And I will hence begin to study it.  
How now, whom haue you there ?

*The true Tragway of*

*Enter Hillus with his Guard, bringing in Adda in a Chaire.*

*Hil.* Sir, tis the Wife of the deceased Pheroas.

*Her.* By what meanes comes she thus disabled?

*Hil.* By her owne fatall mischiefe: when she saw

I did app roach her Dwelling; first she barres

All Dores against my passage; then, her selfe

Mounts vp into a Turret, which orelookes

What euer stands about it; thence she calls,

And asks me what I came for; I declar'd

The pleasure of your Greatnesse; and with tearnes

Fit for her royll Calling, wisht she would

Obey what I must finish: She returnes

An answer like her fury; said she would

Nor yeeld to you, nor mine authority.

Which anger being ouer; she cry'd see,

Thus will I flye to *Herod*; and that spoke,

Downe from the Turret did she throw her selfe

As if a VVhirle-winde tooke her: which perceiud,

I made the Soldiers catch her; yet the force

Came with such deadly violence, that some

She struck dead vnderneath her; and her selfe

Bruiz'd, as you see, and wounded: By our meanes

Hath yet so much life left, as may resolute,

VVhat we cannot discouer. *Her.* What of the Poyson?

*Hil.* Nowhere to be found.

*Sal.* Twas a strange desperate hazard. *Her.* But a toy;

They which dare doe, dare suffer; desperate Soule,

Do not play with more mischiefe; but confesse,

VVhere is the Poyson, which thy treacherous Lord

(Hauing for me prouided) did conuay

Vnto thy charge and keeping. *Ad.* Sir, I vow,

There nere was any giuen me; neither had

My Lord a thought so odious. *Her.* Come tis false;

Nor can you now outstrip me; to denye,

Is but to adde to sorrow; or confesse,

Or drinke of more affliction. *Sal.* Madam, doe;

It will be too apparant, trust the King;

He sue and begge your safety. *Nr.* Tis aduice

VVorthy

Worthy your best imbraces. *Her.* Quickly speake;  
For I am sodaine in my Cruelty.

*Ad.* What shall I speake ; but, that y'are tirannous,  
Thus to compell a falsehood ; I protest,  
He neuer gaue me any ; nor know I  
Of any hidden Poyson.

Her. Prepare her for the Torture: Shall my life  
Lye in these rotten Caskets, and not I  
Dare to consume or break them? Wretched thing,  
He make you speake louder then Tempests doe;  
And true as Oracles; or else, beleau't, *They racke Adda.*  
He cracke your strongest heart-strings: so, pull home;  
Stretch her out like a Lutestring.

*Ad.* O, as y'are a King haue mercy ; hold, O hold.

*Her.* Speake truth, or there's no mercy ; higher yet.

*Ad.* O, my weake strength cannot beare it ; hold, O hold.  
I will confesse and perish.

*Her. Doe it with truth there's safety, giue her ease.*

*Ad.* I doe confesse the Poyson ; that my Lord  
Bequeath'd it to my keeping ; that it was  
Prepared to kill you : but (great Sir)  
Neuer by him.

*Her. Who then became the Author?*

*Ad. Sir, 'twas Antipater. Sal. Mischief on mischief,  
How came shee by that knowledge?*

Her. *Antipater*! how, from *Antipater*?

Ad. Ere his departure vnto *Rome*, he came  
And feasted with my Lord ; declar'd his hopes ;  
And that betwixt him and the *Crowne*, did stand  
Nothing but your weake life, and great *Augustus* fauour :  
The latter got ; the first he said should fall,  
And vanish in a moment ; to which end,  
He had prepar'd that poyson ; and besought  
My Lord to keepe it safely ; for he meant  
At his returne to vse it.

Her. Can you tell by whose meanes he attaintd it?

Ad. He bought it of the Jew Achitophel.

*Her.* What did you with that Poyson?

*Actus IV. Scen. 9.*

*Ad.* As my dead Lord commanded ; on the grownd  
I cast most part thereof ; only some drops  
Left in the Viols bottome, with the Glasse,  
(At her most strong intreaty) I bestow'd  
On the Queene *Alexandra*. *Her.* Take her downe ;  
This at the first had eas'd your misery :

*Ha Sir, Antipater* ; all this *Antipater* ?

*O Heauen !* But tis no wonder. *Nir.* Yes, that Truth  
Should thus come forth by Miracle ; till now  
Mischief hath gone safe guarded : but, I hope,  
Your Highnesse vwill make vse on't. *Her.* Doubt me not.

*Enter Animis, bringing in Alexandra, Achitophel, & Disease.*  
Here comes my second trouble : vwhat the Iew ?

You haue preuented sending for : false Queene,  
That hast disgrac'd thy Sexe with Cruelty.  
What Poyson's in your keeping ? *Q. Alex.* Not any Sir.

*Her.* Not any : impudent ? *Ad.* O Madam, tis  
Too late now to excuse it ; paine, O paine,  
Tirannous paine hath torne all from my Bosome :  
The Violl vwhich I gaue you, and the drops,  
Is that his Highnesse vrges. *Q. Alex.* I do confesse them ;  
Heere is the Violl and the drops : from this,  
What can your malice gather ? *Her.* That your intent  
Was, therewith to destroy me. O, you Gods !  
What's life, when This can take it ? This, this drop ;  
This little paltry nothing. *Q. Alex.* Sir, tis false  
I, neuer did intend your iniury.

*Sal.* What not intend it ? Blushlesse impudence !

*Q. Alex.* If you be made my Judge, I know I'm then  
Worse then all feare can make me. *Her.* Yare indeed  
A mischief too long growing. Sirrah, Iew ;  
Was this your Composition ? *Ach.* Twas a worke  
My Art brought forth ; but neuer did my thought  
Touch at your Highnes. *Her.* Who made you to prepare it ?

*Ach.* The Prince *Antipater*.

*Sal.* Villaine, th'art damn'd for that discouery.

*Ach.* No matter ; Ile haue royll company.

*Her.* And Sirrah, you had a finger in this worke too.

*Dis.*

## Herod and Antipater.

*Dis.* No truly My Lord, I durst not dip my finger in your dish,  
After great men is alwayes good manners.

*Nir.* Then you knew it was prepared for the King.

*Dis.* Alas, I knew my Maister had nothing too deare for his  
Grace, and my Lord *Antipater* I know gaue a good price for it.

*Her.* Was this Poyson then prepar'd for me?

*Dis.* O Sir, by all likelihood; for euer your Physitian is like  
your Hauke; the greater the Fowle is that he kils, the greater is  
still both his reward and reputation.

*Her.* Tis true, and you shall both finde it: goe, hang vp that  
Peasant presently; and then cast him into *Silo*.

*Dis.* Who me, hang vp me? that cannot be good payment.

*Sal.* Why foole?

*Dis.* Because I shall neuer be able to acknowledge satisfaction.

*Her.* Away vwith him; and for that treacherous Iew, *Ex. Dis.*  
And you false-hearted Madam, both shall tast  
Of that you vwould haue tendred; equally  
Divide that Bane into two cups of vvine,  
And glue it them to drinke off; tis decreed,  
What vvas prepar'd for me, shall make you bleed.

*Q. Alex.* Tis vvelcome Sir; a sodaine death, I know  
Is terrible and fearfull; but indeed,  
To those vwhich doe attend it, and doe stand  
Constantly gazing on it; who doe liue,  
Where it scarres none but Cowards; those can meet,  
And kisse it as a sweet Companion:  
Tis vnto those a Bugbeare, vwho do thinke  
Neuer on Heauen, but for necessity.  
Your Tyranny hath taught me other rules;  
And this giest comes long lookt for: heere's a health  
To all that honor Vertue; let suffice, *Drinks the Poyson.*  
Death doth oretake; but it doth not surprize.

*Ach.* Well Madam, I must pledge you; yet before,  
Ile doe the King some service: I confesse,  
I did compound the poyson; 'twas prepar'd  
To kill your Maesty; the Plot was laid  
Both by *Antipater* and *Salumith*:  
They equally stubborn'd me; each bestow'd

Reward

The true Tragury of

Reward vpon mee, and encouragement:

T'was they which made me to accuse the Queene,  
I must confesse vniustly; they, long since,  
Hauē shar'd you and the Kingdome: that tis true,  
Be this last draught my witnesse; for no Slaue

Madly will carry falsehood to his Graue.

Drinks the Poyson.

Sal. But thou dost, and it will damne thee. Her. Say not so;  
I know this smoake vwill kindle, and my care  
Must now preuent my danger. Animis, Exe. Ani. & Sal.  
Guard you my Sister safely: *Hillus*, cause  
Those bodies to be buried: you *Niraleus*,  
Shall make for *Rome* with all speed; thence, bring backe  
That false, ingratefull, proud *Antipater*:  
Carry the matter close, but cunningly:  
For that poore Soule, bid our Phisitians  
With all care to respect her; for tis she  
That onely can accuse our enemies.  
Thus runnes the wheeles of State, now vp, now downe;  
And none that liues findes safety in a Crowne. Exeunt.

Dumbe Shew.

Enter at one Doore, *Augustus* triumphant with his Romans; at another  
*Antipater*: he kneeleth and giues *Augustus* Letters; which looke on,  
*Augustus* raises him, sets him in his Chayre, and Crownes him,  
sweares him on his Sword, and delinvers him Letters: then, Enter  
*Niraleus*, he giues *Antipater* Letters; hee shewes them to *Augustus*; then, imbracing, they take leaue and depart severally.

Iose. Once more, I must intreat you to bestow  
Much on Imagination; and to thinke,  
That now our Bastard hath attain'd the top  
And height of his Ambition: You haue seene  
*Augustus* Crowned him; all his great Requests  
Are summ'd and granted: therefore, now suppose  
He is come home in Triumph; all his Plots  
He holds as strong as Fate is, nothing feares;  
(So braue his minde inchants him) how at last,  
He falls to vtter ruine; sit, and see:  
No man hath power to out-worke Destinie. Exit.

Finis Actus quarti.

Act.

Act. 5. Scœna. 1.

Enter Antipater, and Niraleus.

Anti. O Niraleus; so liberall was the royall breasted Cesar,  
As farre exceeds all thought or iust expression.  
When he establisht me Indea's King,  
His bountie did so farre extend it selfe,  
That eu'en his Court appeard a Paradise;  
The People like so many Demi-Kings;  
Himselfe, the great Vice-gerent ore them all.

Nir. Cesar is royall, and Antipater deseruing.

Ant. Me thinks (as in a Mirror) still I see  
Augustus dealing yellow Arabian gold  
Amongst the vulgar, in Antipaters name;  
So louely were his lookes, so Angel-like his words  
The very thought strikes me into a Rapture:  
O, I could laugh my selfe breathlesse in conceit,  
To thinke on those faire honors we receiu'd.

Nir. Live to deserue euer.

Enter 3. Lords laughing, and pointing scornfully at Antipater.

Ant. How now; what Motion-mongers are these? S'death,  
what meane they? Doe they make mee a Batchellor Cuckond?  
But that I would know the intent, I could be very angry: but  
Ile not minde 'em.

1. That's he was carried in triumph through Rome.
2. Poore Young-man, thy Greatnes must downe.
3. He scornd (being great) to looke on Pouerty;

But now Pouerty scônes Basenesse: farewell.

1. Your Greatnesse will haue a cold welcome home.
2. See how he lookes. 1. Pittifullly pale.
1. I doubt hee'l runne mad.
2. Come, let's leaue him. Ha, ha, ha.

*Exeunt.*

Antip. Has Nature stamp't me with Deformity?

Am I of late transform'd? Am I the Owle  
So lately made, for Birds to wonder at? Is't so?  
I thinke I am my selfe; I haue my Voyce,  
My Legs, my Hands, my Head, Face, Eyes and Nose;  
I'm disproportion'd no way that I know of:

Then why doe these Wood-cracks wonder at me?  
I could be naturally vex't, and haue good cause for't:  
But Ile be patient, walke, obserue: here comes a friend.

*Enter Animis, walking by Antipater.*

*Ani.* My Lord; -- You are vndone.

*Ant.* Ha, noble *Animis*; what, gone so soone?

*Ant.* Noble *Hillus*. *Enter Hilus.*

*Hil.* My Lord; -- Your necke is broke. *Exit.*

*Ant.* Ha! what's that? Strange entertainment: y'are vndone;  
Whom should this be; for me it cannot be? No;  
I am a King, and tis a hard matter to vndoe a King.  
Pish; there's no Morall in these foolish words:  
Your Necke is broke; a Banquerout's Sentence.  
We are vnlimited, both in Wealth, and State;  
As boundlesse as the Sea; freer in guift.

No; tis not their words can breed amazement;  
But their strange looks, gestures, and geerings at me:  
Instruct me good *Niralew*, thou art an honest man;  
How shewes this disrespect? strangely: doe's it not?

*Nir.* Nothing, nothing Sir; Courtiers you know are apish;  
Tis onely some new Project they haue to entertaine you.

*Ant.* Projects for entertainment! Well, th'are strange;  
And I finde something troubles mee.

*Nir.* What ayle you Sir? D'yee faint? Y'are wondrous pale;  
You change Colour strangely: D'yee bleed?

*Ant.* A Drop; nothing, but a Drop.

*Nir.* Tis ominous.

*Ant.* True; and I finde something that staggers me:  
I will retire my selfe from Court to day.

*Nir.* Retire from Court! O, name it not for shame;  
Leaſt you incurre a publike Scandall on you:  
Why ſhould you flye from that moſt couets you?  
Will you obſcure your Sunne-beames in their height?  
Couer your Glories in their Mornings riſe?  
Those that now geered; then, will laugh outright;  
When lookeſ can put *Antipater* to flight.  
No, forage on; and, like a daring Lion,  
Single your Game; let not pale Feare dismay you:

## Herod and Antipater.

Appeale for Justice to Heroicke *Herod*,  
Gainst those that thus contemn'd your Soueraignty :  
True Valour in the weakest Trench doth lie ;  
Then beare you brauely on, and scorne to fye.

*Ant.* Th'alt new created me : I loue this Honor,  
That is by merit purchas'd : second me then ;  
And let the worst of fortunes fall vpon me :  
This Guard Ile keepe ; grapling this Sword,  
(Though wall'd with Pikes) Ile beat my passage through ;  
And to great *Herod* make my Supplication.  
He that feares Enuy shall be sure to finde it :  
But he securest, that the least doe's minde it.  
Stay, a new Onset.

*Enter Animis, with a Guard.*

*ani.* Great *Antipater*.

*Ant.* I, that sounds nobly ; why not this before ?

*ani.* This cause and this Authority. *Wips forth his Sword.*

*Ant.* What, betrayd ; and sleeping taken ? *Niraleus* :  
Slaues let me goe, Ile to the King for Justice :  
Ha yee caught the Lambe within the Lions Denne ?  
Cowardly wretches : O for my good Sword,  
And liberty to gratulate your Trecheries.

*Nir.* Your Treasons must be first answer'd Sir ;  
Til then, you must to Prison.

*Ant.* Ha, *Niraleus* ; art thou my accuser ?  
Haue I within my bosome kept a Snake,  
To sting mee first ? Trecherous Lords,  
My Treasons ? 'gainst whom ? or, by whom acted ?  
Innocence protect me : guide me to *Herod*,  
That, to his sacred person, I may tell  
The Injuries *Antipater* does suffer :  
He comes ; O happy houre : Justice ; Justice Sir.

*Enter Herod, Hilkus, and Attendants.*

*Her.* The Justice that you merit ; hence away with him.

*Ant.* O sacred *Herod*, heare thy Vassall speake :  
Consider what I am ; thy Sonne : if my offences  
Proue prejudicall to thee ; Ile lay my life  
As foot-stoole to thy mercies : O, consider,

THE TRUE TRAGEDY OF

I neuer was that disobedient Sonne,  
That did in any thing oppose his Father:  
But with a greedinesse, still ranne to act,  
Ere thy Command was past: if these Honours,  
These titular glories, great *Augustus* gaue me;  
If these offend my Soueraigne, cut them off;  
Raze them from off my head; and let me be  
Any thing, but *Herods* scorne; no misery  
Can worke vpon me halfe that troubled griefe,  
As does one frowne from those thy glorious eyes:  
Let not those white haires now be staind with blood,  
Blood of thine owne begetting; euery drop  
In me, from thee had being; canst thou be so vnkind,  
To cast thy selfe away? O sacred Sir,  
I see compassion in your tender eyes;  
Weeping for me, that mone your miseries.

*Her.* Through what a Labyrinth is mercy led;  
Rise in our fauour euermore belou'd.

*Nir.* Rise in your fauour! O *Herod* be more iust;  
As thou art King; so be a God in Iustice;  
The blood of Babes, cryes for thine equity:  
Remember but his Stratagemes forepast;  
All which, acquitting, you are accessary.  
Thinke first on *Aristobulus* fell death;  
Your two braue Sonnes, and nob'e *Iosephs* fall:  
Next *Pheroas* your Brother; O, your natu'e blood:  
And *Alexandra*, that most innocent Lady;  
Vniustly and vntimely brought to death,  
All through his poysnous Complots.

*Her.* All these are past and cannot be recal'd.

*Nir.* Let not his smooth words Sir intice you to him;  
In stillest Riuers are the greatest dangers:  
If none of these can moue you to doe Iustice,  
Whose Soules yet houering still doe cry Reuenge;  
Yerthere is one whose caute must not be slipt;  
Though Cannons roare yet must not you be deafe;  
But (like the glory you were made for) be  
A King, a God in Judgement, and in Iustice;

*Herod and Antipater.*

Sonne are no longer Ours, then they are Natures ;  
When Nature leaues them, we may leauue our claime :  
Be this your warrant, iustly to execute  
Iudgement on him, that ha's vniustly murdred  
Your Mother, Sons, Brothers, Sisters : if not for these ;  
Thinke vpon her as deare as was your life,  
Your *Marriam* ; you innocent, chast, faire *Marriam* ;  
By his false witness, turn'd to vntimely dust :  
O as y'are great, be good, gracious, and iust.

*Her.* All those forenamed were of no effect :  
My *Marriam* ; O my heart : hence with the Slaue,  
Ile heare no more of his enchanting words.

*Antip.* O Herod, Kingly Father. *Exit Antip. with a Guard.*

*Her.* Away with him ; Ile blot out all Affinity :  
O *Niraleus*, he was so deeply rooted in our loue ;  
All those and thousands more could neuer worke  
Me to haue sent him from my presence : but  
My *Marriam* ; O, the very name of her  
Is like a passing-Knell, to a sicke man :  
For, if to be a King, is to be wretched ;  
Then to be meane is to be glorious :  
The thought of *Marriam*, like a Feuer burnes,  
Disiects me every Nerue ; I feele within  
My cogitations beating, things long past  
Are now present d, now I suffer for them ;  
I'm growne a Monster, and could chafe my selfe  
Out of my selfe ; I'm all on fire within :  
O *Marriam*, *Marriam*, Mistis of my Soule ;  
I shall expire with breathing on thy name :  
Thy deare remembrance burnes me : who attends ?  
Giue me some Fruit to coole me.

*Nir.* What, will you tast some Sirrop, or some grapes ?

*Her.* No, giue me an Apple. *Nir.* Here are faire ones Sir.

*Her.* Lend me a knife to pare it : O *Niraleus*,  
I haue done cruell Justice ; is there left  
A good thing to succeed me ? All my Sonnes,  
My Brothers, Sisters ; nay, the very last  
Of all my blood is vanish't.

THE TRUE TRAGEDY OF

*Nir.* Say not so; Your Childrens Children liue yet:  
*Her.* Passing true, young *Archelans* and *Antipas*;  
Be it your charge to see them sent for home;  
Something I must act, worthy my Meditation;  
Ile not liue to haue care dwell so neere me; one small pricke  
With this will doe it: thus Ile trye it. *Stabs himselfe.*  
*Nir.* Hold, in the name of wonder; what haue you done Sir?  
*Her.* Nothing but sought to ease my misery;  
A little more had done it.  
*Nir.* Good Sir haue patience; a Surgeon there.  
*Her.* Patience, thou seest I haue, to kill my selfe;  
I shall ere long rest in my *Mirriams* armes:  
I would not be a King another yeare,  
For both the Crownes of *Iuda* and of *Rome*:  
Prouide my Bed, I'm faint and something sicke:  
*Antipater*, be close, Ile sift your knauery;  
A King has eye-balls that can pierce through stone;  
His very lookes, shall make the Slaue confesse,  
Who's iust, and who's vniust: all is not well;  
Lend me your hands, wee'l try who is the strongest;  
A wager, of vs two, I liue the longest. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Antipater, Hilarius and a Guard.*

*Hil.* These are (my Lord) your Lodgings; here you may  
Rest at your noble pleasure; when you call,  
W're ready to attend you. *Ant.* Why tis well;  
Yet, if a man should aske this Chambers name,  
You would call it a Prison. *Hil.* Tis no leisse. *Exe. Guard.*

*Ant.* Then Gentlemen I thanke you; take your ease.  
Neuer till now hadst thou *Antipater*,  
True cause t'account with wisedome; all thy Life  
Ha's beene but sport and Tennis-play: but this,  
O this is *Serio Ioco*, such a Game,  
As calst thy Life in question; nay, thy Fame;  
Thy Vertue, Praise, and Reputation:  
What art thou now? a Prisoner; that's a Slaue:  
Nay, Slaue to Slaues; slauish extremity!  
But now a King; but now a Cast-away;  
Crown'd, and vncrown'd; and vndone euery way:

*Where's*

Where's now my hellish Counsellors? my hope?  
My strong bewitcht perswasion? Rise, Orise;  
And once more shew me my deliueraunce:  
Tut, all mute and hidden; tis the Diuels tricke  
Sill to forsake men in their misery;  
And I am pleas'd they doe so: let none share  
Either in my downefall, or welfare. *Enter Animis.*

Keeper, welcome: what newes hath ill lucke now?

*Ani.* Strange Sir, and heauy; Rumour saith, the King  
Hath slaine himselfe.

*Ant.* Ha, cal'st thou that ill newes?

What, is he dead? *Ani.* Tis strongly so reported.

*Ant.* Thou dost not mocke my Fortune; prethee speake,  
Speake, and speake freely; thou hast wont to loue  
And joy in what did please me: say; Is the King dead indeed?

*Ani.* Vpon my life, tis firmly so reported.

*Ant.* Excellent, excellent; noble, happy newes;  
Why, what heart could wish better? I am traunc't  
And rapt with admiration; why, I knew  
Fortune durst not forsake me: now hee's dead,  
I may say, as the Diuell fayes, all's mine:  
My hopes, my thoughts, my wishes; prethee joy  
Doe not too much o'recome me: once againe,  
Say, is he dead? is *Herod* vanished?

*An.* Questionles, so talkes Rumour. *Antip.* Name it truth;  
Doe not abuse a thing so excellent:  
And now hee's dead; who thinkst thou is the King?

*Ani.* I thinke your Greatnesse only. *Ant.* Why, tis true;  
Exceeding true; who, but *Antipater*:  
Hath not *Augustus* chose me? set the Crowne  
Here? here, my *Animis*? hath not publique *Rome*  
Stil'd me the King of *Iuda*? is there left  
Any of *Casmonani*; or the Seede  
Which they doe call the holy *Israel*?  
No, I haue sent them packing; th'are as dead  
As *Herod* and my feares are: O, my Ioyes,  
How nimble haue you made me! To behold  
The Hangman hang himselfe; would it not please

*Those*

Those that stood neere the Gallowes: by my Life,  
(Which this sweet newes hath lengthened) had I seene  
The Old man kill himselfe; I thinke I should  
Haue burst my sides with laughing: Come, let's goe;  
Ile haue the Crowne imediately. *Ani.* Go, my Lord, whither?

*Ant.* Vnto the Court, the City, anywhere;  
Whither my pleasure leads me. *Ani.* Pardon me;  
I haue not that Commission.

*Ant.* How; not that Commission? S'foot, dare any heart  
Harbor a thought 'gainst me? Come, th'art wise;  
Open thy Dores vnto me; I haue power  
That knowes, and can requit thee; by this hand,  
If thou withstandst my purpose; looke to be  
Despis'd and wretched. *Ani.* Good my Lord, be pleas'd.

*Ant.* Not to haue you dispute my sufferance:  
Come will you let me goe? *Ani.* Sir, I dare not.

*Ant.* Expect a damned mischiefe. *Ani.* Take better thoughts,  
And good my Lord conceiue, this is but Newes;  
It may be true, or false, or any way.

*Ant.* You will not let me go then? *Ani.* Would I could;  
Yet if you will take patience, with all haft  
Ile flye vnto the Court: if there I finde  
The Newes be firme and certaine; I'm your Slaue:  
You shall dispose your selfe, and me and all things.

*Ant.* Poxe of your purity, your Ginger-bread,  
And nice, safe reseruations: but, since force  
Makes me obey you; goe, away, be gone;  
Flye as thou lookest for fauour. *Ani.* I am vanisht.

*Exit Ani.*

*Ant.* O, what a thing is Man! how quickly made  
And mar'd, and yet againe reedified,  
All with a breath; to make vs know, in Kings,  
Confis'ts the great worke of Creation:  
Why, I was lost but now; and now againe,  
Am found as great as euer; thus can Fate  
Change and recharge at pleasure; he that would  
Haue kil'd, is kil'd in killing: foolish Fiends,  
You are deceiu'd to leaue me; I shall liue  
To make you bound to mine Iniquity;

Inde  
ed

Indeed I shall; and make Posterity  
Cite onely my example; then ( my Soule )  
Sit, and sleepe out thy dangers.

*Antipater fys downe and slumbers; then, Enter Herod, Augustus,  
Niraleus, Archelawes, Antipas, and Hillus.*

*Her.* O royall *Cesar*, this grace thus perform'd  
In my poore Visitation; makes my Soule  
A Bondslau to thy Vertue. *Aug.* Tis no more  
Then what your worth may challenge; onely Sir,  
This violence on your person, by your selfe,  
Must craue my reprehension. *Her.* Tis but fit:  
Yet royall *Cesar*, what should Nature doe;  
When, like to me, its growne vnnaturall?  
Turn'd a deuouring Serpent; eating vp  
The whole Frye it ingendred; nay, the armes  
And branches of it's body. Sir, 'twas I  
That kil'd the vertuous high Priest *Aristobulus*;

*Enter E. Aristobulus, and Q. Alexandra like Ghosts.*

See where he comes bright Angel-like: O stay,  
Doe not afflict me further: how he moues  
Like gentle ayre about me: see, to him,  
Enters his royall Mother; hold, O hold;  
I doe confesse my vengeance, and will shed  
My life-bloud to appeare you. *Aug.* Why, this is  
But fancy which torments you; here appears  
Nothing that's strange about vs. *Her.* See my Sonnes;

*Enter P. Alexander, Y. Aristobulus, and Marriam.*

My louely Boyes; tis true, I murder'd you;  
Come, take reuenge, and spare not: art thou there;  
O, let me flye and catch thee: bee'st thou Flaine,  
Blastings, or mortall Sicknesse; yet I dare  
Leape and imbrace my dearest *Marriam*:  
*Marriam*, O *Marriam*; Villaines, let me goe;  
You shall not hold me from her: O, a Sword,  
A Sword for Heauens mercy; for, but death,  
Nothing can ioyne me to her. *Aug.* This is strange;  
Nor haue I seene Passion more powerfull: See you hold him fast.

*Her.* Shall I not reach my comfort? then, O come

L

You

You that my wrath hath iniur'd ; sticke, sticke here  
The Arrowes of your Poyson : so ; it workes, it workes.

*Nir.* A Slumber ouertakes him. *Aug.* Let him rest.

*Enter, like Ghosts, Pheroas Achitophel, Disease & Tryphon.*

*Ant.* Hold, O hold; whither is courage vanish't? Poxe of feares,  
And Dreames imaginations : shall I turne  
Coward whilst I am sleeping ? No, Ile laugh  
Euen in my Graue, at all my Villanies:  
Yes, in despight of thee, and thee, and both  
Your damned base Brauadoes: ha, ha, ha ;  
My Mountebanke and s Zany ! How can Hell  
Spare such neate skipping Raskals ? What, my fine  
Neate shauing amorous Barber ! See, I dare  
Face, and out-face yee all ; I Death himselfe;  
For, none of y ou, but dyed most worthily.  
Ha, I am now transfigur'd: stand away ;  
Accuse me not you blessed Innocents:  
O, you doe breake my brest vp, teare my Soule ;  
And burne Offence to an Anatomy :  
I know my mischiefe slew you ; giue me leaue  
And Ile become both Priest and Sacrifice :  
They will not haue mine Offering: see, th'are gone;  
And I am onely fool'd with Visions.  
Sit, and sleepe out Phantasmas. *Her.* Ha, ha, ha ;  
This Vision doth not scarre me ; that youfell,  
'Twas Justice and my Vertue ; all your threats  
Doe but augment my Triumph: go, pack hence; *Exe. Ghosts, &*  
I grieue for naught but iniur'd innocence. *Enter Animis.*

*Ani.* Where is the King my Maister? *Aug.* What's thy will?

*Ani.* Emperiall Sir, Tis from *Antipater*.

*Her.* *Antipater*? speake forth, I heare thee ; that's a sound  
Euer craues mine attention. *Ani.* Gracious Sir,  
The rumour of your death, when it had fild  
The City ; flew to him. *Her.* Yes, and then  
How tooke he my departing ? Come, I see  
Strange things in thy deliurance : speake, speake free ;  
How tooke he that sad Message ? *Ani.* Not toth' heart.

*Aug.* No 'twas enough the count'nance languished.

*Ani.*

*Ani.* That was as light as any. *Her.* On thy life  
Tell me his whole demeanour. *Ani.* Sir, in briefe;  
When I had told the fatall Accident  
Both of your wound and dying; sodaine mirth  
Ranne through him like a Lightning; and he seind  
Onely a flame of Iest and Merriment:  
His ioy was past example; and he swore,  
His sinnes had made him King of *Israel*:  
What shall I say; if threatnings or reward  
Could but haue bought his freedome; at my choyce  
Lay all my heart could number. *Her.* Peace, no more;  
I thinke what thou canst vtter: O, this Sonne,  
This Bastard Sonne hath onely ruind me:  
Hell neuer knew his equall; all my sinnes  
Are but the seeds he planted: fie, O fie.

*Aug.* Do not afflict your selfe; tis Justice now  
Shall take the Cause in handling: Captaines harke,  
And harke *Niraleus*, doe as I command;  
Be vigilant and serious: goe, away.

*Whisper, & Exe. Animis, Niraleus & the Guard.*

*Ant.* It shall be so; these Visions are to me,  
Like Old-wiues Tales, or Dreames of Goblins;  
And shall passe like them, scorn'd and iested at:  
Why, what to me is Conscience? if I could  
Neglect it in my whole Course; shall I now  
Now when the Goale is gotten, stand affraid  
Of such poore morall Shadowes? No, tis here,  
Harden'd by Hell and Custome which shall keepe  
And out-face all such Battry: I'm my selfe,  
A King, a royall King; and that deare Ioy  
Shall bury all Offences: *Herod's* dead;  
And in his Graue, sleepe my distemperance.

*Enter Niraleus, Animis bearing a Crowne, and a Guard.*

*Nir.* Health to the King of *Iuda*. *Ant.* Ha, what's that?  
*Ani.* Long life vnto the King *Antipater*.  
Is the newes true then? is the Old man dead?  
The wretched poore Old man; and, haue my Starres  
Made me the man I wisht for? O, you are

# The true Tragœdy of

My Nightingales of comfort, and shall sing  
Notes farre aboue your Fortunes. *Nir.* Sir, hee's dead;  
And in his death hath giuen you all, that *Rome*  
Before confirm'd vpon you; which we thus  
Fixe on your sacred Temples; onely craue,  
You will be pleas'd (as *Herod* did desire)  
That ere you do ascend the Soueraigne Chayre,  
First to behold his Body, and on it  
Bestow one Teare or naturall Sacrifice.

*Ant.* O tis a Rent most ready; Teares in me  
Are like Showers in the Spring time, euer blacke;  
But neuer farre from Sunshine: Come, I haue  
A longing heart and busie thoughts, which knowes  
There's much to doe in little time: away:  
I long to meet my glory; neuer hower  
Was Crown'd with better fate, or stronger power. *Exeant.*

*Enter Hillus, Officers with the Scaffold, & the Executioner.*

*Aug.* This Preparation's honest; so dispatch,  
And place theſe mortall Triumphs handſomely:  
Sirrah, conceale your person; let no feare  
Make his feare grow too early. *Exe.* Tis, my Lord,  
My part to couch like Mischief, close, but ſure;  
When I breake out I'm fatall. *Her.* Thou ſpeakſt truth;  
Would this day did not need thee: tis a world  
To thinke how ſtrong our cares are; and how weake  
All things which doe but looke like comfort: there's  
Not left in me a shadow; not a breath  
Of any hope hereafter; this Bastards faith,  
On which ſo much I doted, to be lost  
Thus againſt kinde and nature; tis a ſinne,  
That teares my heart in pieces. *Aug.* Say not ſo;  
Tis rather comfort well diſcouered:  
But peace; ſee th'are approaching. *Sound Trumpets.*

*Enter Antipater, Niraleus, Animis, and the Guard.*

*Nir.* Giue way, ſtand backe; roome for the King of *Iuda*.

*Ant.* No, let them throng about me; and behold  
Their glory, and Redeemer, Ha; what's this? a Vision?  
No; a mortall Prodigie: the King is liuing: O, I'm lost

Past hope, and past imagination; by his side  
The Emperour *Augustus*: then I see,  
There is no way, but to destruction.

*Her.* Yes, to deserue destruction: wretched thing;  
Thou scorne of all are scorned; see, I liue  
Only to found thy Judgement: thou, that thought'st  
To build thy Throane vpon my Sepulchre;  
See how th'art dasht in pieces. *Ant.* Gracious Sir.

*Aug.* Labour not for excuses; you haue runne  
A strange Cariere in Villany; and thrust  
All goodnesse from you with such violence,  
That Mercy dares not helpe you. *Ant.* Yet, my Lord,  
Hearre mine vnfaigned Answere. *Her.* In thy brest  
Was neuer thing lookt like Simplicity;  
Thou haft made Goodnesse wretched, and defam'd  
All vertuous things that grac'd Nobility;  
Th'ast eate my blood vp; made my loathed life  
Onely a Scale to reach Confusion;  
Of these things I accuse thee; this I prove  
Both by my Life, my Death, and Infamie;  
And for this thou must perish: One, call forth  
The Minister of death; and in my view,  
Some minutes ere my dying; let me see  
His head tane from his body. *Ant.* Sir, O Sir;  
Thinke that you are a Father. *Aug.* No, a King,  
And thence ordain'd for Justice; to put backe  
Ought of that heauenly Office, were to throw  
Mountaines ith face of *Jupiter*; know y'are lost,  
Lost to all Mankinde and Mortality:  
Therefore to make your last houre better seeme,  
Then all that went before it; what you know  
Of Treasons vnruealed; lay them forth:  
The worke will well become you. *Ant.* Is there no mercy?

*Aug.* Not vpon earth; nor for *Antipater*.

*Ant.* Then farewell Hope for euer; welcome Death;  
I, that haue made thee as mine Instrument,  
Will make thee my Companion; and, I thus  
Ascend and come to mee thee: Here I am.

*The Two Trag.ys. 3.*  
A Monarch ouer all that looke on mee,  
And doe despise what all you tremble at:  
Sir, it is true, I meant your Tragedy ;  
Did quite roote out you Issue ; and if life  
Had held, would haue wipte out your Memory :  
This I confesse ; and to this had no helpe ;  
But mine ill thoughts and wicked *Salumiths*.

*Aug.* Was she assistant to you? *Ant.* Sir, shee was.

*Aug.* Produce her presently. *Ant.* Sir, tis too late;  
The heart-strong Lady once imprisoned,  
Forsooke all foode, all comfort, and with sighes,  
Broke her poore heart in sunder. *Her.* And that word  
Hath brought mine vnto cracking ; strike, O strike ;  
Dispatch the Execution ; or mine eyes  
Will not continue to behold the grace  
Of the reuenge I thirst for. *Ant.* Feare me not ;  
I am as swift in my desire of death,  
As you are in your longings : Come, thou friend  
To great mens Feares, and poore mens Miseries,  
Strike, and strike home with boldnesse ; here's a Life  
Thy steele may quench, not conquer ; for the thought  
Exceeds all mortall Imitation :  
Greatnesse grew in my Cradle ; with my Blood,  
Twas fed to mature ripenesse ; on my Graue,  
It shall, to all the Ages of the World,  
Lieue in eternall dreadfull Epitaphs :  
This seruice men shall doe me ; and my naine  
Remaine a Bug-beare to Ambition. Come ; I am now prepar'd.

*Exe.* Sir, will you please to kneele.

*Ant.* What to thy vildnes? Slaue, Ile stand as high  
And strong as is a Mountaine ; strike, or perish.

*Exe.* I cannot then Sir doe mine Office.

*Enter Salumith betweene two Furies, wassing a Torch.*

*Ant.* Poxe of your forme in these extremities.  
What art thou there, poore tortur'd Wickednes ?  
And dost thou waft me to thee ? Then, I come ;  
I stoope, I fall, I will doe any thing ;  
Thou art to me as Destiny : O stay,

My

My quicke Soule shall overtake thee : for, but we,  
Neuer two reacht the height of Villany.

Strike, O strike. *Her.* O-o-o-

*Here the Executioner strikes, and Herod dies.*

*Aug.* Whence came that deadly groane.

*Air.* From the King; the blow the Hangman gaue *Antipater*,  
Tooke his life in the Instant: Sir, hee's dead.

*Aug.* The Gods haue shewd their wonders ; some withdraw  
The Bodies and interre them: that ; where none  
May pittie or lament him : th' other so ;  
As all men may admire him : for the Cowne,  
Thus I bestow it on young *Archelans*:  
*Rome* makes thee King of *Iuda*; and erects  
Thy Chayre and Throane within *Ierusalem*. *Sound Trumpets.*

*All.* Long liue *Archelans*, King of *Ierusalem*.

*Arch.* I will be *Casars* seruant ; and my life,  
I hope shall purge these woes from *Israell*.

*Aug.* Tis a sweet royll Promise ; prosper in't ;  
Make Vertue thy Companion : for we see,  
She builds their ruines, spring from Tyrannie. *Exeunt omnes.*

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### The EPILOGUE.

**Y**'Aue heard a Tale, which not a noble Eare  
But ha's drunke with devotion; and how ere  
It scant in phraze or action ; yet it may  
Ranke with some others, and be held a Play,  
Though not the best, nor worst ; yet wee hope  
It keepes the middle passage ; that's the scope  
Of our Ambition: But, of this ware bold,  
A truer Story nere was writ, or told :  
If Enuy hurt it, tis our Fates ; and we  
Begge but your hands, for the Reconuerie.

FINIS.